13 May 1983 65p IR 94p US$1.50 By Air

New Statesman

Why she sank the Belgrano

History men

Racism in British Telecom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32
Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover photo of Belgrano: AP

Why she sank the Belgrano
Paul Foot chronicles the Peruvian peace initiative over the Falklands p.8

Threat of broken windows
Peter Pringle examines arms control violations p.19

Illustration: Ralph Steadman, who begins a weekly cartoon up until the Election.

Racism in British Telecom
Amrit Wilson and Arlen Harris examine key cases p.14

Imagining the past
C.S.L. Davies on the nature of history p.24

Breaking it up
John Sparling on Cubism at the Tate p.29

News: Asbestos at LT; railway electrification; making Maggie run; steel job losses; RAF bunkers; walkout at Scottish lab pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Labour's awkward task p.7
John Curtice, Clive Payne and Robert Waller: New boundaries p.12
Jonathan Mirsky: Naomi Mitchison p.13
This England p.15
Mary Holland: Church and State p.16
Dorothy Wade and Justine Picardie: Fewer tests p.17
Diary: Christopher Price p.18
Roger Woddis p.18
Barry Cohen: Middle East dialogue p.20
Jan Kavan: Cracking down p.21
Bretécher p.22
Letters p.23
John Lucas: Robert Lowell p.25
Mike Jenkins: Poem p.26
Grace Ingoldby: Fiction p.26
Alan Brien: Paperbacks p.27
Shorter Reviews p.28
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.30
Hugo Williams: Television p.31
Peter Dormer: Photography p.32
Weekend competition p.32
Anne Smith: First Person p.33
Crossword p.33
Listings p.35

RECEIVED
JUN 27
Ambassador College Library

All music International and the Students' Union of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama present

Hoffnung

Gala Concert

Greater London Council
Royal Festival Hall
Sunday 5 June 3.15pm

British Premiere of WILFRED JOSEPHS'

CONCERTO D'AMORE

The Hoffnung Festival Orchestra conducted by Michael Halasz plus a host of soloists, special guests and star performers

Proceeds to: *The Cheshire Homes, Actors' Benevolent Fund, Musicians' Benevolent Fund*

Tickets £2.40-£8. Box Office: 01-928 3191; cc 01-928 6544

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

AGAINST

THE POLICE BILL

Hackney Town Hall

Sun. 15 May 10.30 am-4.30 pm

Speakers: **ALF DUBS** MP
GEORGE GUY Gen. Sec. Metal Workers' Union
A. SIVANANDAN Institute of Race Relations
TRUDI DE HANEY Nottingham Inter-Union Race Relations Groups
CECIL GUTZMORE Brixton Defence Campaign
REV. DAVID HASLAM Christians Against Racism and Fascism

Apply for Credentials FREE and lunch tickets, 50p each, to:

National Campaign Against the Police Bill, Room 116, Hackney Town Hall, Mare Street, London, E8 - Tel 01-986 3123, ext 292

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 105 No 2721 13 May 1983

Four years of disaster

SINCE THE FALKLANDS Mrs Thatcher's political position has seemed so strong that her bungling of the calling of the general election came as a considerable surprise. Her dominance over her own party was still total. The Opposition – official and otherwise – was in continuing disarray. And yet through inexperience and bad advice she got locked into having the election at a moment not of her own preference. She was clearly wanting to keep open the options of late June, early July, October or even the early Spring of 1984.

Much more dangerously from her point of view, she has locked herself into what is one of the longest of recent election campaigns – in effect four and a half weeks. If she loses her overall majority during such a long campaign (or does even worse), the professionals in her party will have reason to be furious. Her 'Maggie May' speech to the CBI was the apogee of her tactical incompetence. She alone appeared not to know that Ms May was a celebrated Merseyside hooker.

Without any question this is the most important general election for this country since 1945. It was only in the second half of the lifetime of the present government that the true nature of Thatcherism began to emerge. For her first two years at No. 10 Mrs Thatcher did not know how to get her way with the political and Whitehall system. Her Cabinet, too, was dominated by senior figures who had made their reputations under (and owed their advancement to) Mr Heath. Only in the key economic positions at the Treasury and the Department of Industry – Howe, Biffen, Joseph – did she have trusted political servants. It is no coincidence, therefore, that the first clear indications of what Thatcherism was about came in the areas of economic and industrial policy. In other areas – civil liberties, trade union legislation, foreign policy – the pure gospel of Thatcherism was made opaque because it was filtered by Cabinet colleagues who have now come to be classed collectively as the Tory 'wets'.

For the last two years, however, and above all since last Spring, the extent to which Mrs Thatcher is the standard bearer of the new radical and ruthless Right has become clearer with each passing week. If under her leadership the Tory Party gets a clear working majority on 9 June, she will seize it as a mandate for rolling back a century and more of slowly achieved social progress. Her belief in an ideology of laissez-faire, private enterprise and anti-socialism is naive in the extreme. But that does not make it any less dangerous. A further four or five years of rampant Thatcherism would certainly do serious and irreversible damage to the structure of British society and institutions. The wanton destruction of perfectly viable British industry on the altar of monetarism and the assault on civil liberty represented by the Police Bill are just two of the main signposts to the future under a second Thatcher government.

IN A FOUR and a half week campaign there is a chance that the facts of the last four Thatcher years may sink in. Elections tend to centre on manifestos. The electorate needs to be reminded that Mrs Thatcher has almost totally failed to deliver on her 1979 prospectus. Even where she would in her own terms claim success, the record is muddy. Inflation is certainly under control, but only at a cost over the past four years that Mrs Thatcher and her Chancellor never foresaw and which as a forecast in 1979 they would have said was politically and morally unacceptable. The neo-colonial Falklands 'triumph' is already seeming a monumental Pyrrhic affair even to many Tories and Falklanders.

For the rest all has been failure, even in Tory terms. Just to pick items at random from the 1979 Tory manifesto makes the point beyond the need for further debate. In 1979 Mrs Thatcher promised to restore incentives and create genuine new jobs in an expanding economy. Unemployment is now over three million and output lower than during the three day week in 1974. Income tax was to be cut at all levels to 'reward hard work'. Taking income tax and national insurance contributions together, the majority of the population is today paying something like a third more in direct tax than in 1979. Profits were to be raised for the corporate sector in order to encourage new investment. In 1983 the profitability and productivity of British industry remains historically low. Priority was to be given to the fight against crime. The mix of Tory economic and penal policy has in fact resulted in an unprecedented rise in the rate of serious crimes against persons and property. The Tory government was to insist on a freeze on EEC food prices for products in 'structural surplus'. In spite of well publicised EEC rows for home consumption, the EEC's basic farm policy remains quite untouched by the last four years of Tory government in Britain.

By any objective standard the record is a disaster. Another five years of the same would be a catastrophe. We all now have 27 days to persuade floating voters of the facts. □

'VICTORIAN ~VALUES~'

On 27 May the *New Statesman* will be publishing a special edition putting Mrs Thatcher's notions about Victorian values in their historical context. It will be publishing the contributions made at a meeting at Ruskin College, Oxford, on 22 May jointly sponsored by the History Workshop and the *New Statesman*.

The issues covered will include: self-help, the poor law and philanthropy, patriarchy and the family, penitentiaries and racism.

The meeting will be chaired by Beatrix Campbell. Contributors will include Gareth Stedman Jones, Leonore Davidoff, Catherine Hall, Michael Ignatieff and Raphael Samuel.

To be sure of getting a copy of this issue, place an order with your local newsagent. **If you would like to advertise your books, pamphlets, courses, films, plays, campaigns etc in the 27 May issue call: Laura Berryman, Steve Mitchell or Michael Roberts on 01-251 5487 now.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Transport staff fear asbestos danger

LONDON TRANSPORT is being accused of covering up a major health hazard to passengers and staff from asbestos. Staff are also criticising LT for not enforcing proper safety standards when dealing with asbestos.

The National Union of Railwaymen wants LT to give a full picture of asbestos in the Underground by throwing open existing records, which, according to the NUR, will show that the tube system is riddled with potentially lethal levels of brown asbestos, or Amosite.

John McMorrow, NUR representative for control room staff on the tube, has already told the House of Commons employment committee that he believes that LT is trying to 'cover up the problem'. That committee will soon report on the effectiveness of watchdogs such as the Health and Safety Executive (HSE) in dealing with asbestos; the report is expected to confirm that both blue and brown asbestos can be killers and to recommend higher safety standards.

Early last month Amosite was found in the Coburg Street control room under Euston Station, which controls trains on the Northern and Victoria lines. The asbestos was flaking badly, giving off dust.

London Transport's scientific section reported on the Amosite and dust levels at Coburg Street to a meeting of the Railway Inspectorate – equivalent to the Health and Safety Executive – on 11 April. LT's plan to have the brown asbestos partly sealed in and partly removed did not please the staff.

The NUR's health and safety officer, George Woods, who attended the 11 April meeting, says that LT gave steep costs as the reason for this compromise. Although the Railway Inspectorate agreed to LT's suggestion that Amosite in the floors and ceilings should be sealed in rather than removed, Woods secured the right to have the work independently monitored. He also asked that the work be done to the highest safety standards, but those standards are now being questioned.

K.C. Installations, the company which was hired to seal in the asbestos, first visited Coburg Street three days after Wood's meeting with LT and the Railway Inspectorate. According to John McMorrow of the NUR, this visit left 'a cloud of dust, with much more asbestos just lying around on the floor'.

K.C. Installations would not comment on the several days' work which it has now done at Coburg Street, adding that details of its contract with LT are secret. It denies that its own staff are at risk when removing asbestos.

McMorrow has been campaigning since 1968 – when use of asbestos by LT was at its height – to get LT to release figures on how much asbestos has been used, and to find alternatives where possible. He says that LT should now conduct a survey to see where the material is beginning to crumble and produce potentially dangerous dust.

Feelings among staff at Coburg Street ran so high three weeks ago that staff from the London School of Tropical Hygiene will move in to monitor Amosite dust levels after K.C. Installations ends its night-time removal work.

Staff have also been angered by a letter which they received last month from the general manager of the Northern and Victoria lines. He avoided any mention of the possible health hazards from Amosite dust. Instead, he wrote that: 'The material is not the very dangerous "blue asbestos".' He added that 'the need to carry out the work under carefully controlled conditions means that it has not been possible to make an immediate start . . . the situation is being closely monitored'.

London Transport's control room under Euston Station

In reply, McMorrow says: 'The conditions and health hazards have in fact been made much worse in the short term, by work which is being done too quickly and not to safety standards. We have told the Railway Inspectorate that the contractors' men did not wear safety clothing, masks and so on, did not wash down or clear away after doing any of the work – but no action has been taken'.

Staff have now been urged by the NUR to visit their doctors for check-ups as soon as possible, and to tell doctors how long they have been exposed to Amosite, in order that a full record of any after-effects can be properly charted. The NUR has no record of asbestos-related diseases caused through working on the Underground, but George Woods believes that there may be cases which have just not come to light.

Paul Walton

Howell stops railway money

LAST WEEK transport secretary David Howell finally owned up and told the House of Commons that British Rail would not get any money for railway electrification. The decision was first forecast in the *New Statesman* over a year ago (29 Jan 1982).

The issue of electrification predates the present government. Most of BR's diesel locomotives were built in the 1950s and are now due to be replaced. If their replacements are electric, British Rail needs government approval to put the wires up. If the choice is diesel, any decision to electrify is effectively deferred for the lifetime of the new locomotives, roughly 25 years.

In 1978, BR produced a plan for increasing the electrified railway. (About a fifth is electrified at present, compared with 30 per cent in France, 36 per cent in West Germany and 50 per cent in Italy.) The Labour government set up a joint study team from BR and the Department of Transport, which said in an interim report in 1979 that electrification was a good buy. The Minister of Transport said that no decision could be taken until the team issued its final report.

When the report appeared, in February 1981, it favoured a large-scale programme of railway electrification. Four months later, transport secretary Norman Fowler told BR and the railway unions that 'steps taken by the railway to improve productivity had to be geared to investment decisions taken by the government'. But at the same time he referred the matter to the Think Tank and Professor Alan Walters, the Prime Minister's personal economic adviser. They advised against electrifying the railways.

The same link between productivity and electrification was made by the new transport secretary, David Howell, in December 1981. He told BR and the rail unions that 'programmes for electrification etc. would be synchronised with efforts being made by the industry'.

Then Howell set new rules for British Rail, saying that all electrification schemes would have to produce a rate of return of at least 7 per cent (the Treasury's minimum rate).

By the end of 1981 the railways had kept their side of the bargain. The 1980 corporate plan had set a target – accepted by the government – of shedding 38,000 jobs by 1985. In the 18 months following April 1980, over 14,000 jobs were lost on the railways – a saving of over £70 million a year, more than enough to pay for electrification.

Yet after last year's ASLEF dispute the government again changed the rules, telling BR to revise its figures to take into account the effect of the dispute, and saying that the Inter-City service had to make a profit by 1985.

In addition to his statement last week, Howell wrote a long private letter to BR boss Sir Peter Parker, effectively telling BR not to bother to submit its final proposals for electrifying the line to Edinburgh via Newcastle, on the grounds that the Inter-City network would not make a profit until 1988.

BR is now cocking a snook at the government by going ahead with its application for money to electrify the Edinburgh line. In its formal proposal, submited this week, BR forecasts a rate of return of 10.5 per cent – well above the government's requirement.

But the auguries are not good. In the last year BR has asked the government for permission for five separate investments: a decision in principle to electrify to Newcastle; to electrify the line from Tonbridge to Hastings; to build 180 new coaches; to build new trains to run from Victoria to Gatwick; and to build 150 electric commuter trains. So far the government has approved only 60 new coaches – and that was last week.

Mick Hamer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The monster that made Maggie run

MARGARET Thatcher has so far been able to give only one reason for her choice of 9 June for the general election: the uncertainty, she said, was 'holding up investment decisions'. This curious statement conflicts with the CBI survey of industrial trends, published two weeks ago: 'Investment intentions have improved and actual levels could increase during the course of 1983.' In any case, however, what caused this uncertainty, and why was election fever allowed to get out of control?

Mrs Thatcher claims, correctly, that she has been 'pestered and pestered' about the date of the election since the New Year. In fact, last December some Tory MPs were urging a June election. Thatcher's 'surprise' visit to the Falkland Islands on 9 January prompted a sharp run on the pound, and several newspapers seized on the fact that currency dealers were citing the prospect of a general election this year as one of the causes of the pound's fall. The *Daily Mail's* front-page headline was 'The Pound: A Bad Case of Election Jitters'.

Thus far, nothing very unusual – just the press on a dull week with nothing else to report. But on her return from the Falklands – and after giving the governor of the Bank of England a telling off – Mrs Thatcher appeared on London Weekend Television on 16 January and pointedly did not rule out a June election.

In the face of almost daily press speculation about a June election, especially in *The Times*, Thatcher remained silent. Tory chairman Cecil Parkinson, who while she was away in the Falklands had tried rather weakly to suggest that an early election was unlikely, also kept quiet.

Her amateur handling of backbenchers and party workers was demonstrated by a front-page story in the *Daily Telegraph* on 16 February, which reported that Thatcher and Parkinson were 'anxious to cool the increasing expectation of an early general election in June, although they did not dismiss that time as an option'. By then, Thatcher was being carried along by Tories greedily eyeing the 13 per cent lead in an opinion poll published in the London *Standard* the day before.

Despite *The Times* reporting a 'persistent belief at Westminster that the Prime Minister may be tempted to hold an early election', the enthusiasm of the media for the issue began to wane, although it resurfaced after the Bermondsey by-election on 24 February, and resulted in the budget being seen as an electioneering one. But Mrs Thatcher had not established any control over her backbench MPs. When the government put off the by-election at Cardiff North-West, they interpreted this as a sign, and came back to Westminster on 11 April after the Easter recess with what *The Times* described as a 'growing belief in a June election'.

Mrs Thatcher's rather desperate attempt to imply that she was still in control of the situation – in her 'Maggie May' speech at the CBI dinner on 19 April – served only to make it impossible for her to avoid a June election without bitterly antagonising her supporters.

What is surprising is that she should have been unable, in the three weeks before she finally made the announcement, to prepare any better explanation for the timing of the election than 'ending the uncertainty'. This implies that she was genuinely uncertain herself until the last moment, when she gave in to the monster that she had created and allowed to run unchecked.

John Rentoul

MISCELLANY

Not their fault

On Monday afternoon, after announcing the date of the election, Mrs Thatcher gave an interview to John Cole of BBC News. How, Cole asked, would Mrs Thatcher defend the level of unemployment? 'Perfectly clearly,' replied *la belle dame sans merci*. 'Unemployment has gone up in all the Western industrialised countries.' Misleading poppycock, of course, but at least we've heard it before. Later that day, however, the same argument was given a rather more unusual application. Asked by Robin Day about the crime rate, Willie Whitelaw shrugged off the question by saying that crime had been rising in other Western countries. Global forces are obviously powerful things indeed, so the Miscellany column will award a small but interesting prize to the first Tory minister who has the intellectual consistency to apply the same explanation to the government's few 'successes'. ('Well, Robin, I don't think we can claim the credit for lowering the inflation rate – part of a global trend, you know.') Any takers?

A sort of charm

When asked about his personal standing, on Monday's *Panorama*, Michael Foot said that he hoped the election campaign would be fought on policies rather than personalities. In a rare display of bipartisanship, Mrs Thatcher later told Independent Radio News that she wanted the campaign to be about issues rather than individuals. This approach is not new, of course. In 1925 a group of Asquithian Liberals spent a weekend with Lloyd George, trying to patch up the Liberal Party's quarrels. A compact was signed, and on Monday morning Lloyd George took leave of his guests by saying: 'Let our slogan be "Measures not Men".' Quick as a flash, one of the Liberals present, a former MP for Bodmin, referred Lloyd George to Edmund Burke's comment on 'the cant of "Not Men, but Measures": a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement.' The Bodmin Liberal in question was a certain Issac Foot, father of the inveterate peacemonger.

In ancient times

While on the subject of the Foot family, we can exclusively reveal that one of Michael Foot's ancestors lost his job because he voted Tory. The other day, idly leafing through some bound copies of *Hansard* from the 1830s and 1840s, we came across a great parliamentary agitation on behalf of one William Foot, who worked for the Ordnance in Plymouth Devonport. The fuss was caused by a number of Tory MPs who claimed that William Foot had been dismissed from his job because he supported the Tories rather than the Whigs. He was not a political activist, but he had admitted to his loyalties when a Whig canvasser visited the Ordnance seeking support. Why doesn't Conservative Central Office erect a small monument to this early Tory martyr?

Vote-catching

On Tuesday, Channel 4 finally cancelled its plan to broadcast a mock-parliamentary debate, which had been boycotted by the Lib/SDP lot because they weren't given equal time. A pity, if only because viewers will not now hear the splendid suggestion for a Tory election slogan which Labour MP Phillip Whitehead made in the programme: 'Give us the job and we'll finish the tools.'

On the road

Roy Jenkins – who is being unconvincingly coy about accepting the title of prime minister designate – has made some most agreeable plans for the election campaign. He will be driven around the country in a large bus, dispensing bonhomie where'er he goes. Throughout this picaresque journey, his car will follow a few yards behind the bus. Why? It turns out that Jenkins has installed a telephone in his car, and he needs to keep in touch with the outside world while he is on his travels – presumably so that he can ring the nearest town and book a restaurant table for lunch.

Over the top

One of the most laughable aspects of a general election campaign is the self-aggrandisement practised by some members of the Fourth Estate. Take Tuesday's *Glasgow Herald*. Its front page boldly displayed six mug-shots of the paper's reporters who would be covering the election. Political editor Geoffrey Parkhouse is, it tells us, going to be 'utilising all his profound political insight and his unparalleled range of Westminster contacts'. Correspondents William Russell and Stuart Trotter are to roam the country describing the action 'with their customary panache and style'. The *Herald* promises election coverage 'unique in its authority and perception and dash'. And hyperbole, perhaps.

Question time

Amaze your friends and confound your adversaries with the *New Statesman's* election quiz, which we shall be running each week of the campaign. The information for this week's questions comes from an admirable new book called *Thatcher's Britain*, published by Pluto Press and *New Socialist* at £1.50.

1: Who said 'We have absolutely no intention of doubling VAT', and when?

2: What have Dicky Dirts, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Swan and Edgar and Laker Airways in common?

3: Today an NHS prescription costs £1.40. What did it cost in May 1979?

4: In the five years to 1979, the recorded figure for serious crimes rose by 22 per cent. By how much did the figure rise in the following three years?

Answers on page 6.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MacGregor's parting shot leaves union reeling

IAN MacGregor, the outgoing chairman of the British Steel Corporation, is leaving with a flourish. In addition to the redundancies announced on Tuesday – 1,000 at the plate mill in Hartlepool and 332 at tube-making plants in Clydesdale and Calder – the *New Statesman* has discovered hitherto undisclosed plans for further job losses in Scunthorpe. The main steel union, the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, is now so demoralised that its chances of saving jobs appear slim.

Following the debacle in Rotherham last month, when the ISTC staged an unsuccessful strike over 85 redundancies at a local works, the union is now letting a total of 440 job losses at its Scunthorpe works proceed without a murmur. The job losses, 140 of them among ISTC members, were announced to a meeting of senior ISTC branch delegates a fortnight ago. But the workforce itself has not been told of them.

BSC claims that the union has agreed in principle to the cuts under local productivity agreements signed over the past two years, which commit unions to greater flexibility of working. The job losses follow 1,340 formally announced by the Corporation last autumn: Scunthorpe has now lost 13,000 steel jobs in five years.

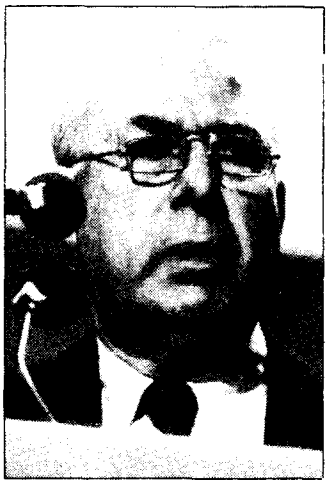
It is clear that BSC is not blaming the usual market factors for the cuts; coincident with the job losses, Scunthorpe management are bringing a fourth blast furnace into operation and increasing liquid steel production to 65,000 tonnes a week, double what it was last autumn.

ISTC sources who fear to be named, for the ISTC has an unenviable record of disciplining members who criticise the union's inaction over job losses, say that plans are in existence to cut the present Scunthorpe workforce from 7,000 to 3,000 by abolishing present production grades and introducing a single 'works technician' grade, without destroying the present output capacity.

Any possibility of union retaliation over the plans appears to have disappeared after the Rotherham fiasco, when 79 of the 85 people who had been made redundant promptly took their redundancy pay, thus pulling the rug from under the official strike action.

It is easy to see why the workforce did so, since ISTC protests in the past about the closure of Consett and Corby works have fizzled out when faced with large EEC-enhanced redundancy payments. But it is not so easy to see why the workforce has not been told of BSC's plans for Scunthorpe – even if, as the local organiser of the National Union of Blastfurnacemen, Brian Fisher, says: 'Many of the workforce are unfortunately still queueing up to go out of the gate.'

Of course, steel union leaders have other preoccupations at the moment than 440 job losses in Scunthorpe, or for that matter the 20,000 in the industry as a whole that Ian MacGregor recently said he would like to see. Both the National Union of Blastfurnacemen and the ISTC are currently negotiating with the main engineering union, the AUEW, about a possible merger.



Ian MacGregor: leaving behind plans to axe 20,000 jobs

It would be ironic if ISTC general secretary Bill Sirs, who has seen the manpower of BSC decline from 265,000 to 78,000, were to preside over the disappearance of his own job. As a master of the euphemisms prevalent in the steel industry, the 63-year-old Sirs would no doubt refer to it as 'early retirement'.

John Hatton

Answers to Question time, p.5

1: Sir Geoffrey Howe, 21 April 1979 (shortly before he raised VAT from 8 per cent to 15 per cent); 2: They have all gone into receivership during the lifetime of the present government; 3: 20 pence; 4: 30 per cent.

Walk-out at Scottish laboratory

LABORATORY staff in Edinburgh have been on strike for over two weeks in support of a colleague who they believe was sacked for helping to form a trade union branch. The dispute is the latest and most serious incident in a series of problems that have plagued the laboratory since the appointment three years ago of its head, Dr Brian Mullock.

Dr Vic Young, a chemical analyst at the Medicines Testing Laboratory of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, was dismissed by Dr Mullock on 10 March immediately after 14 of the Laboratory's 22 scientists had joined ASTMS. A statement was read out to him which claimed that there had been a deterioration in his work performance and that he had been 'abrasive' in his relations with management.

Dr Young pointed out that his work output over the last seven months was better than that of his peers and that his last annual assessment pronounced his work 'most satisfactory'. He said that Dr Mullock only asked for his work records a couple of days after his dismissal. When asked by the *New Statesman* why he had sacked Dr Young, Dr Mullock said: 'Because of his abrasive attitude to management – that is all, really.' The Pharmaceutical Society's public relations director, a Mr Paul, said that 'matters of personal behaviour' were involved, although he declined to give details. He flatly denied that Dr Young's union activities had anything to do with his dismissal.

There has been a failed attempt at conciliation via ACAS and the union has offered to go to binding arbitration – a solution that was rejected by management. Now Dr Young's case is due to be considered by an industrial tribunal in June.

Last year the laboratory staff decided to form a staff association to represent them in disputes. They sent a letter to Dr Mullock requesting that he meet two representatives to discuss grievances. His response was immediately to sack the letter's author, Dr Glenn Stephenson, and to issue a written warning to another member of staff. Dr Stephenson was subsequently reinstated following a visit from a senior official of the Pharmaceutical Society.

Staff also criticised Dr Mullock for being autocratic and irrational in his attitude towards employees. They cite his introduction of the concept of 'voluntary unpaid overtime' and his attempt arbitrarily to impose new pay scales as examples of the problems encountered. But according to Mr Paul, the Pharmaceutical Society, a professional association for pharmacists, does not think that Dr Mullock has been unreasonable. 'I can assure you that the society has no intention whatever of getting rid of Dr Mullock', he said, 'he is doing a difficult job with considerable efficiency'.

Rob Edwards

New bunkers for the RAF

THE Royal Air Force has just started using the first of some 14 planned new bunkers at key airfields in Scotland and England. Each of seven bases is to receive two new Hardened Shelters, which can hold over 100 people. The bunkers – which are believed to be partly paid for by NATO – are part of a new network of 'Airfield Counter Measures' which are intended to allow military operations to continue after attacks on Britain by chemical, nuclear, or conventional weapons.

The first shelters were opened last month at RAF Honington, a nuclear bomb base near Thetford in East Anglia. Another two shelters at the tanker base at RAF Marham in Norfolk will be ready soon. Marham is also a forward operating base for US Air Force B52 bombers.

Over the next four years, ten more shelters will be built at Coningsby and Leeming in the Midlands and Yorkshire, Lossiemouth and Leuchars in Scotland, and Wattisham in Suffolk, both air defence fighter bases.

The new shelters augment a network of heavily reinforced aircraft shelters which have been built at many RAF and US Air Force bases in Britain, at a cost exceeding £100 million.

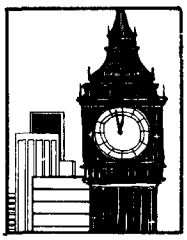
Several other RAF headquarters bunkers are also now being completely rebuilt, besides the highly-publicised five-storey-deep new HQ for Strike Command near High Wycombe. The main backup underground centre to High Wycombe, which is at Bentley Priory in northwest London, is now being reconstructed, to the alarm of local residents and Labour councillors. Similar refortification has been underway for some time at the nearby NATO and Royal Navy headquarters at Northwood, Middlesex – one of the control centres for Britain's Polaris submarines.

The Ministry of Defence is also believed to be behind the mystery redevelopment of one of the country's most famous underground bunkers, the former Regional Seat of Government (RSG) at Warren Row, near Maidenhead. The RSGs received enormous publicity at the hands of CND in 1963 when the network of 12 similar bunkers was exposed for the first time by Committee of 100 members posing as the 'Spies for Peace'.

By 1979 the famous former RSG was not only derelict but also stripped of all its fittings and had become a regular centre for courting couples. It is now fenced-up and operating again. But MPs have been prevented from asking questions about which government department is now using the bunker, and what for.

Duncan Campbell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Labour faces the awkward task of coming clean

THERE IS ONE MYTH about this year's general election – a myth that makes more unpalatable the unpleasant truth. The myth is that the campaign starts with the Prime Minister and the government enjoying levels of approval unprecedented in modern times. The truth is that Labour's rating is its own fault.

Since myth may quickly be demolished by suitably designed tests (as the *Sunday Times* has relearned rather late in life), let us do so here before moving on to the more awkward truths about the task of displacing Mrs Thatcher from her desirable SW1 residence. Here are the satisfaction ratings of the government and the Prime Minister, as recorded by Gallup, last month and at the start of the last seven general election campaigns:

	Gov't (%)	PM (%)
April '83 (Thatcher)	38	44
March '79 (Callaghan)	27	39
Aug '74 (Wilson)	37	44
Jan '74 (Heath)	36	39
May '70 (Wilson)	42	49
Feb '66 (Wilson)	48	60
Sept '64 (Home)	42	47
Aug '59 (Macmillan)	56	67

So, taken in isolation, attitudes to the present Prime Minister and her team are harsher than at the outset of four of the past seven campaigns, the same as at one, and better than at two.

But, of course, these things never can be taken in isolation. If the coming campaign were a referendum along the lines of a standard House of Commons motion – 'This House has no confidence in Her Majesty's Government' – I have little doubt that it would be passed by a comfortable majority. Elections are choices among alternatives. The government is ahead, not because it is thought to be *good*, but because it is thought to be *better*. And for the Conservatives, after the last four years, still to be thought better, means that the Labour Party and its leadership are thought to be very bad indeed.

Now, before my friends and readers send me to Coventry – or, worse, Brent East – I must insist on reminding them of the saying about messengers and messages. Personally, I think Michael Foot would make an excellent Prime Minister. He would have a cabinet team of remarkable talent. But mine is a minority view. They see a divided and confused party led by a bumbling and ineffectual leader. Better to face the facts about public opinion now, *while there is time to change it*, than to store them away for recriminations after an election defeat.

So what is Labour to do? Obviously it should seek to undermine Mrs Thatcher's 'resolute' image. Her standing may be no great shakes compared with past Prime Ministers, but it is a sight better than before the Falklands war. Obviously, too, Mr Foot needs to continue to spruce up his television style and to answer questions more succinctly. Was I alone in thinking the old boy looked and sounded ten years younger on *Panorama* on Tuesday night? He needs to lose another ten years.

Yet even if Labour were to have a leader with the looks of Robert Redford, the brains of Albert Einstein, and the wit of Oscar Wilde, the party would still have to persuade voters that its policies could work.

IT IS FASHIONABLE to argue that elections these days are not about policies. Voters, the argument runs, either don't listen to them, don't understand them, or don't believe them. In the sense that few people read, mark and inwardly digest each election manifesto, that is obviously true. But it is quite another thing to say that policies don't matter. In as far as we understand the strange alchemy of election campaigns that could transform Tory-voting dross into Labour-voting gold, general perceptions of image, credibility, experience, sense, determination and so on, appear to count for a lot.

The point about having well-tuned policies, therefore, is not that anyone is likely to be impressed by the wording of any one piece of election literature, but that such policies are a necessary pre-condition for creating the right image.

At the heart of Labour's credibility problem is its failure so far to persuade electors that it would in fact shift Britain back towards full employment. The Tory charge that Labour's policies would not create 'real' jobs and that expansion would produce inflation, has stuck. Unfair, say Labour's spokesmen: we have an understanding with the unions. Each year we shall sit down with them and produce our National Economic Assessment. It will work, just you wait and see.

Well, would it work? Or, to be more precise, would a Labour government persuade the unions to hold down pay claims, and would the unions persuade their members, in order to let the government expand the economy without increasing inflation?

In terms of Labour's internal tensions, the vaguenesses and prevarications that have accompanied this issue are understandable enough. If the electorate played the role of marriage guidance counsellor, it would doubtless approve the attempts of the Labour leadership and the trade unions to patch things up. In the harsh world of the hustings, however, things don't work like that.

Two men, by no means paragons of socialist virtue, have at least attempted to lay the issue on the line to the comrades. Both times the conferences they were addressing rebuffed them. At Labour's 1978 conference, just before the winter of discontent, Sid Weighell of the NUR responded to Alan Fisher's demand (a) that lower-paid NUPE members receive more, and (b) that there be no extension of the last Labour government incomes policy. Weighell said:

> I do not come here on my knees to support a socialist strategy. I come because my union believes in it, and we are prepared to run a bit slower so that Alan can run a bit quicker . . . I have got members who quibble about differentials. But I am prepared to say to them – 250,000 railwaymen – we will forego the claims about maintaining high differentials, if we can get a socialist strategy which includes pay.

Weighell's speech is better remembered for his comments about the 'philosophy of the pig trough'; but that earlier comment is surely more significant. Weighell was in a minority, the winter of discontent followed, and the rest is history.

Last September, the Trades Union Congress also voted to oppose all forms of incomes policy. But the decisive vote was only carried because the engineers' one million votes were mandated to oppose pay restraint. Their president, Terry Duffy, made it clear he expected his union to change its mind. It did, a few weeks ago.

The change in climate has enabled the TUC-Labour Party liaison committee to inch forward to an incomes policy in all but name. Its late March concordat agreed that each year's National Economic Assessment would, among other things, cover (a) inflation and (b) living standards over the following 12 months. By a process of simple arithmetical deduction, that implies a deal on pay rises. If, for example, inflation is expected to rise by six per cent, income tax cuts to put one per cent more into workers' pockets, and living standards, in terms of disposable income, to rise by two per cent, then the average level of pay settlements should be (6 - 1 + 2) = 7 per cent.

I recently asked a Very Senior TUC man whether this was what his document was saying. He replied 'it depends who you're saying it to'. For the next four weeks TUC and Labour leaders will be saying it to 40 million electors. Have they the nerve to say it clearly? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the peace was torpedoed

A year ago this month a ceasefire was on the point of being signed with Argentina. Paul Foot reports on why it went wrong

DID MRS THATCHER order the sinking of the aged Argentine cruiser *General Belgrano*, on Sunday 2 May last year, in order to scupper a peace settlement which had been hammered out between Lima, Peru and Washington over the previous weekend and which was on the point of being signed? For several months, Tam Dalyell, the Labour MP for West Lothian, has been making this astonishing charge against the Prime Minister. His view is that she deliberately gave the order to sink the cruiser at a time when an honourable peace settlement was almost secured – one which could have prevented the subsequent bloodshed of the Falklands campaign.

The charge has been met in the main with faintly amused disdain. Tam Dalyell, it is pointed out, is an eccentric with weird views on many subjects. But whenever a specific reply has been given to any of his questions, the mystery surrounding the sinking of the *Belgrano* has deepened. The 45-year-old cruiser was not 'closing on the Task Force', as Defence Minister John Nott told the House of Commons at the time. It was heading away from the Falklands and was at least 350 miles from the nearest task force surface ship. The range of its guns was 13 miles. Even its missiles would hardly have reached into the 'exclusion zone' established round the islands. After spending four days in Lima and talking to Dr Javier Arias Stella, Peru's Foreign Minister at the time, the picture I got strongly confirms Dalyell's charge.

Thursday 29 April The Organisation of American States, the alliance which binds North and South America, met to consider the Falklands crisis. It passed a motion proposed by Peru which called for a ceasefire and a peace on the basis of recognising Argentina's sovereignty over the Falklands. Several countries, including the United States, abstained.

Friday 30 April United States Secretary of State Alexander Haig declared that his efforts to get a peace settlement between Britain and Argentina had failed. He had tried to reach an agreement on the basis of United Nations Resolution 502 – which called for Argentine withdrawal followed by negotiations. His stumbling block was that the British would sign nothing which did not include immediate Argentine withdrawal from the Falklands and the Argentines would not withdraw unless their rights to the islands were sanctioned. It seemed a hopeless impasse.

Haig declared, moreover, that the United States supported Britain in the conflict, and would assist economically and militarily. This statement was greeted with fury in Peru, which has close ties with Argentina.

Saturday 1 May The British forces attacked Argentine positions on the Falklands by sea and air. The barrage included a hail of cluster bombs. The Argentines admitted to 56 dead. There were probably many more.

In Lima, that evening, the ageing President Belaunde Terry and his Foreign Minister, Dr Arias Stella, held urgent talks. They decided to intervene to seek a settlement. Belaunde rang Washington and spoke at length to Haig, offering to act as broker in new peace negotiations. Haig leapt at the suggestion. He had not given up hope of a last-minute compromise. Moreover, he was about to welcome the British Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, who was flying into Washington that evening. In the frenzied negotiations over the next two days, the Peruvians 'acted' for the Argentinians and Alexander Haig for the British.

At once, Haig told Belaunde that any new proposals, if they were to have the slightest chance of succeeding, must move a long way from what had been previously rejected. He suggested (to satisfy the main Argentine objection) that no position on sovereignty should be adopted, but that a treaty should recognise the 'conflicting claims' of both countries; and (to reassure the British) a separate clause to sanction the 'points of view and interests' of the islanders.

If these two clauses could be agreed on both sides, he thought that a peace was possible on the basis of an instant ceasefire, withdrawal of all forces, an interim administration of the Falklands that involved neither Argentines nor British, and a 'contact group' of four countries – then suggested as the US, Peru, West Germany and Brazil – to supervise the withdrawal and the negotiations. The last point was that

President Belaunde (centre), Dr Arias Stella, Foreign Minister, and Manuel Ulloa, Prime Minister (left), at the Lima press conference – 4.45 pm (local time) 2 May 1982

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

```
NNNN
LBY770 EPA131 022331
 EPA131
RR YDD VOA CPW
0030:''' URGENT FALKLANDS-BELAUNDE:
    LIMA, MAY 2, REUTER -- PERUVIAN PRESIDENT FERNANDO BELAUNDE
TERRY SAID TODAY THAT PEACE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN ARGENTINA AND
BRITAIN WERE UNDER WAY AND THAT BOTH COUNTRIES HAD AGREED IN
PRINCIPLE +TO CEASE HOSTILITIES+.
    HE WAS SPEAKING AT A PRESS CONFERENCE HERE ON EFFORTS TO END
THE FIGHTING BETWEEN BRITAIN AND ARGENTINA OVER THE DISPUTED
FALKLAND ISLANDS.

 0045:FALKLANDS-BELAUNDE 2 LIMA:
    PRESIDENT BELAUNDE SAID THAT BOTH PARTIES WOULD BE WILLING
 TO ACCEPT PEACE PROPOSALS SET OUT BY SECRETARY OF STATE
 ALEXANDER HAIG WHO CONDUCTED A PEACE SHUTTLE MISSION BETWEEN
 LONDON AND BUENOS AIRES BEFORE FIGHTING BROKE OUT.
    THE PRESIDENT SAID HE COULD NOT GO INTO FURTHER DETAILS BUT
 ADDED: +NEGOTIATIONS ARE UNDER WAY AND IN A SHORT WHILE TOTAL
 PEACE CAN BE ESTABLISHED IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC AND THERE IS A
 WILL ON BOTH SIDES TO CEASE HOSTILITIES.+

0054:FALKLANDS-BELAUNDE 3 LIMA:
    AS PRESIDENT BELAUNDE MADE HIS ANNOUNCEMENT ARGENTINA'S
RULING MILITARY JUNTA WAS MEETING IN BUENOS AIRES TO DISCUSS THE
FALKLANDS CRISIS.

0109:FALKLANDS-BELAUNDE 3A LIMA:
    IN LONDON, A SPOKESMAN FOR PRIME MINISTER MARGARET
THATCHER'S OFFICE SAID HE KNEW NOTHING OF THE REPORTED
NEGOTIATIONS OR AGREEMENT IN PRINCIPLE.

 0123:FALKLANDS-BELAUNDE 4 LIMA:
    PRESIDENT BELAUNDE SAID ARGENTINA AND BRITAIN WERE STUDYING
 A SEVEN-POINT PEACE PLAN DRAWN UP BY MR HAIG.
    HE SAID THAT AT PRESENT GENERAL GALTIERI WAS DISCUSSING THIS
 WITH ARGENTINE LEADERS, ADDING: +IF THIS EFFORT FAILS IT WILL BE
 A TRAGEDY FOR LATIN AMERICA AND PERHAPS FOR THE WORLD.+

0158:''''''' SNAP:
    LONDON, MAY 3, REUTER -- A BRITISH SUBMARINE TORPEDOED
THE ARGENTINE CRUISER GENERAL BELGRANO IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC
LAST NIGHT, THE BRITISH DEFENCE MINISTRY SAID TODAY. THE CRUISER
WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SEVERELY DAMAGED, THE MINISTRY SAID.
 REUTER BJC/WS
```

Reuter reports in the early hours of 3 May 1982. All times are GMT

agreement would have to be reached by 30 April 1983.

The seven-point plan was not agreed with Haig until nearly midnight. At once Belaunde phoned the Argentine dictator Leopold Galtieri. Galtieri was delighted with the new initiative. The day's attacks on the Falklands had frightened him and his high command. They were now facing a humiliating defeat. He assured the Peruvian President that the new proposals satisfied him. Would they not remove the British from the Falklands without any more shots being fired? And did they not at least accept that Argentina had a claim to sovereignty? He would talk to his high command in the morning, he promised; but he was hopeful.

Sunday 2 May That optimism was increased considerably when Galtieri phoned Belaunde in the early morning. The high command, he said, was almost unanimous in approving the terms, though there were a number of small points to be negotiated.

Throughout that morning, Belaunde negotiated these points in calls to Washington and to Buenos Aires. In Washington, General Haig was in close touch with Francis Pym (he was probably in the same room for most of the time – certainly the two men had lunch together). In Buenos Aires, Galtieri kept open his hot line to the junta's hard man, navy chief Admiral Anaya.

The proposals were amended. 'Points of view and wishes' of the islanders was changed to 'needs and aspirations'. The membership of the contact group was left open, though it was suggested that Canada might come in for the US and Venezuela for Peru.

By noon, an agreement seemed secure. A final draft of a treaty was prepared by officials who had been at work in the 18th century Torre Tagli mansion (the headquarters of the Peruvian Foreign Office) since the early hours. It was drawn up for signature by the British and Argentine Ambassadors in Lima. The ceremony, it was confidently expected, would take place that night.

General Galtieri, who had given the go-ahead for these preparations, made it clear that he must first get the approval of his official junta meeting, scheduled for 5pm that afternoon. But, he insisted, the agreement of the junta was a formality.

This is confirmed by the *Sunday Times* Insight book on the Falklands war, which quotes a 'senior official' of the Argentinian Foreign Ministry as saying, 'I was in the room when Foreign Secretary Costa Mendes came in and said: "We have an agreement. We can accept this". Everybody was very excited.'

Once the junta meeting started in Buenos Aires, President Belaunde decided to hold his weekly press conference, which had been long delayed. At 4.45pm, he went in front of the cameras with his Prime Minister and Foreign Minister to tell the world that a settlement was at hand 'this very night'. All three men made it quite plain that a settlement was imminent.

Very soon after the press conference, these high hopes were dashed. News came in of the sinking of the *Belgrano* some three and a half hours earlier (it was sunk at about 4pm Argentine time, 2pm Lima time). Communications were slow, since the cruiser's signalling systems were destroyed and its escorts and the submarine wanted to protect their positions.

An admiral stormed into the junta meeting in Buenos Aires shouting the news. Many junta members had sons and nephews on the *Belgrano*. The method of its sinking and the huge loss of life completely changed the mood of the meeting. Although they went on formally discussing the proposals, all hope of a settlement was dead. The State Department was the first to convey the bad news to the Presidential palace in Lima.

At 6.30pm, Foreign Minister Arias Stella received the Ambassadors of Britain (Mr Charles Wallace) and Argentina (Mr Louis Sanchez Mareno). Perhaps they came to sign the treaty. They were told the bad news and left.

Soon after midnight, after a seven-hour meeting, the junta formally rejected the Peruvian peace proposals, specifically mentioning the *Belgrano* sinking as the cause.

DURING THE NEXT FEW days, the Peruvian President, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister all explained to the Peruvian Parliament that peace had been in their grasp, only to be sunk with the *Belgrano*. All three endorsed the unequivocal view of the Prime Minister, Mr Manuel Ulloa Elias: 'Argentine rejection of the Belaunde peace proposals was due to the fact that Argentina

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been attacked with the torpedoing of the *Belgrano* at the very moment that Peru was trying to find a dignified way out of the contest.' (Quoted in *El Observador*, Lima, 5 May 1982.)

Ulloa also strongly rejected the widely held view that the Belaunde proposals were just a re-hash of Haig's earlier efforts – 'Haig in a poncho'. On the contrary, he said, the package was very different both from the Haig proposals, which failed because they leant too far to the British, and from the OAS resolution of 29 April, which leant too far to Argentina. In the Belaunde proposals, unlike both the Haig and the OAS, an immediate Argentine withdrawal was matched by the temporary removal of British administration from Port Stanley; and the matter of sovereignty was left entirely neutral.

The Belaunde proposals, it is safe to conclude, *were* taken seriously by both sides. They *were* drawn up into a treaty which was expected to be signed. And they *were* put to flight by the sinking of the *Belgrano*.

Senor Arias Stella, who is a fellow of the Royal Society of Pathologists in London and has no anti-British feeling, generously ascribes the *Belgrano* sinking to military accident. He told me that he and all his colleagues had assumed that some hothead submarine commander had let fly at the cruiser without any idea of the state of negotiations in Lima, Buenos Aires and Washington.

This has been indignantly denied by the submarine commander himself. He insists he received clear orders to sink the cruiser.

Nor have Tory Ministers been slow to claim their part in the action. Margaret Thatcher told the House of Commons on 4 May last year: 'With regard to that particular event [the sinking of the *Belgrano*] and all events other than the mere tactical ones in the South Atlantic, the task force clearly is and was under political control.'

A few minutes later, Nott, the Defence Secretary, was asked by Willie Hamilton: 'Will the Minister confirm . . . that the decision to launch the torpedoes was a political decision – in other words, it was made either by the Prime Minister or by the Rt Hon gentleman, or by both together? Or was it made by an admiral on the spot?' Nott replied, rather evasively: 'The overall political control remains with the government.'

There the matter rested until last October, when a mysterious leak to the newspapers (printed in all of them) 'revealed' that the decision to sink the *Belgrano* had been taken by the 'war cabinet' (minus Pym) in pre-lunch discussions with the service chiefs on 2 May.

This version comes out in *The Battle for the Falklands* by Simon Jenkins and Max Hastings as follows: 'Sir Terence Lewin went to the war cabinet meeting at Chequers on the morning of Sunday 2 May to request permission under the rules of engagement to sink the *General Belgrano* some 40 miles South West of the total exclusion zone.' After some discussion the book goes on: 'No Minister demurred. The order was issued before lunch.'

One difficulty about this is that the cruiser was not actually sunk until about eight hours afterwards (between 3 and 4pm Argentine time – 8 and 9pm GMT). Even given the difficulties of contact with a submerged submarine, this does seem a huge time gap.

Another problem is that the war cabinet meeting with the defence chiefs was not just a discussion about the *Belgrano*. It was , as reported in the newspapers on 4 May, a full-scale assessment of the state of the war, which went on for four hours.

At any rate, the direct responsibility of Thatcher, Whitelaw, Nott and Parkinson for the *Belgrano* sinking has never been denied. The question then arises: how much did they know of the progress of the Peruvian peace talks?

THE SEVEN-POINT PLAN had been agreed between Haig and Belaunde the previous night (in Britain, the early hours of the morning). Was it conveyed to Chequers that night? Did the war cabinet meeting not have before it 'the latest from Francis in Washington'? Even if they did not, they knew that Pym had gone to Washington in a last bid for peace. However hopeless such a mission seemed in the eyes of the hawks in the war cabinet (and by all accounts they were all hawks, except Pym), they knew that the armed forces could not be seen to cut the ground from under the Foreign Secretary's feet.

On arrival in Washington the previous evening, Mr Pym gave an impromptu press conference. He explained that the attacks on the Falklands that day had been intended to concentrate the Argentines' minds on a peaceful settlement. He went on: 'No further military action is envisaged at the moment, except to keep the exclusion zone secure.' (*Times*, 2 May 1982.) This pledge was kept – right up until the sinking of the *Belgrano*.

At the very least, then, the Cabinet that Sunday morning knew that Pym was trying for peace and that a period of calm was vital if he was to be seen to be trying. That is the background, apparently, in which they gave the order to attack a ship on the high seas, with a complement of 1,000 men, when it was outside the war zone they themselves had designated.

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*

*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £29; Overseas surface mail: £32 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £39; S. America, India, Africa £40; Australia, Far East £45; USA, Canada £40 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$ .....

As the afternoon and evening went on, however, Mrs Thatcher and those Ministers who stayed in contact can have been left in no doubt as to the progress of the Peruvian peace talks. By noon US time, 5pm GMT, after all, the seven-point plan had been agreed between Belaunde, Haig and Galtieri. Even before he sat down to lunch with Haig, Francis Pym must have known about this, and expressed his own agreement. He must, too, have conveyed it back to Chequers. If the order to sink had in fact been given at lunchtime, there was still time to countermand the order, or to try to countermand it. For the *Belgrano* was not sunk until three hours later.

The British government does not deny that it was prepared to accept the Belaunde proposals. The Official Foreign Office document, 'The Falklands Islands: Negotiations for a Peaceful Settlement', published on 20 May last year, says: 'The next stage of the negotiations was on proposals originally advanced by President Belaunde of Peru and modified in consultations between him and the United States Secretary of State . . . . Britain was willing to accept the final version of these proposals for an interim agreement, but Argentina rejected it.' The document does not point out that Argentina rejected it under the most savage provocation imaginable; namely, the sinking of the *Belgrano*.

If the interim agreement had come into force, what would have happened? All forces would have withdrawn. A thousand lives (and several thousand million pounds) would have been saved. The British forces would have left the Falklands for the time being. Some sort of settlement respecting the needs and aspirations of the islanders would probably have been reached. Not everyone would have been satisfied, but at least the Falkland Islands would have had a future as a place where people lived and worked, not as a military bunker.

The only organisation seriously undermined by the settlement would have been the British Conservative Party. Its press and its right wing had been let off the leash. Only war and conquest would have satisfied them. For the Iron Lady, donning the ill-fitting garments of peace and compromise, the future would have been bleak indeed.

Tam Dalyell's questions stand up well to the facts. They were not even asked by the Franks Report. Franks and his colleagues stopped at the Argentine invasion. If they had asked why the war was allowed to start; in particular, who gave the order to sink the *Belgrano*; when; above all, why – then I doubt whether Margaret Thatcher would have read their conclusions to the House of Commons with such gusto. For the sinking of the *General Belgrano* was, at best, a crass blunder, based on false information, which made a laughing stock of Pym's negotiations. At worst, it was, as Tam Dalyell suggests, a desperate fling to force the other side back from a peace treaty which could have sunk the Tory leadership. □

Paul Foot writes a weekly page for the Daily Mirror.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his commentary on the 1982 Report Sir Peter Parker says:

"1982 will prove a turning point in modernising the rail business. It was a hard year for British Rail, unnecessarily hard on our customers.

"British Rail has come out of 1982 stronger than it went in. We controlled our financial position to stay well within our external financing limit for 1982/83, the paramount financial target by which we are judged....There is a momentum of change and change is the best security for the future of rail.

"The underlying trend of railway performance is healthy.... labour productivity and train loadings rising; track and signalling, administration and operating unit costs falling.

PERFORMANCE

"The true measure of our performance in the embattled year of 1982 is that, without the strikes, we would have doubled last year's operating surplus and, after interest, broken even in spite of the slump. As it was, the strikes lost us £170m and the Group result was a loss, after interest, of £174m.

"We got through the year whilst increasing our net long term borrowing by only £20m: we funded the vast majority of our capital expenditure of £168m from within the business.

"To hold our markets, our passenger fares were held steady for 13 months and the increase when it came in January 1983 was the lowest for ten years....

"We are still running the same size network, but since mid-1981 we have cut our costs by £250m. We have fewer locomotives, fewer coaches, fewer wagons, fewer marshalling yards and fewer people – 27,000 off the total payroll in two years.

"Railway working expenses were cut by £80m in 1982. And we have now a clear cut strategy for change that should continue to improve our performance still further."

Sir Peter then discusses investment; the Serpell Review of Railway Finances; the organisation of the railway into five businesses, progress on privatisation, British Rail Engineering Ltd and customer relations.

THE CUSTOMER

A special section in the Report reflects the urgency with which British Rail is tackling customer relations. Sir Peter points out that:

"The restructuring in 1981/82 of the railway business into sectors based on the business markets we serve – Freight, Parcels, InterCity, London and South East and Provincial Services – has been welcomed by our customers, and by the Serpell Review....

"If there is one dominant pressure among the many pressures upon us, surely it must be our move closer to the customer. That is the purpose of the reorganisation into separate accountable businesses."

NEGOTIATIONS FOR CHANGE

Sir Peter continues by referring to the changing railway:

"We have broken through to agreement on fundamental changes in the way we run the railway. There is a whole package of change in hand. One man operation of the electric services between Bedford/St Pancras and Moorgate; freight trains with modern braking systems moving to driver only operation; flexible rosters replacing the rigid eight hour day; and agreement to a common entry grade of trainman, combining the guard and assistant driver role in the promotion line to driver, to provide at last a career structure for train crews."

VALUE FOR MONEY

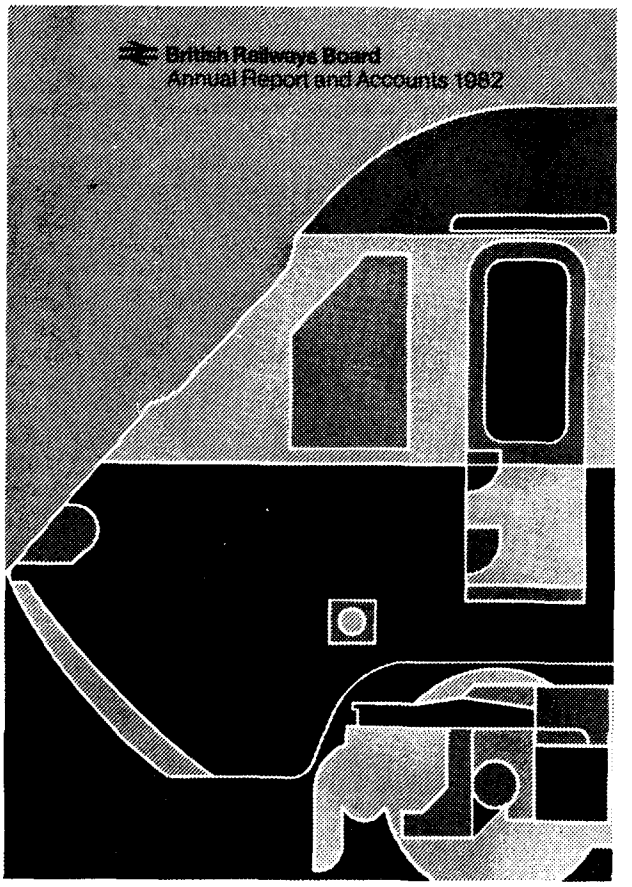
Sir Peter concludes:

"I am sure that as I end my second term as Chairman, there is the beginning of a new clarity in our relationships with our banker/shareholder/customer – the Government. These have been years of radical reappraisal and the changing railway is emerging....

"When all is said, this country's railways are second to none in giving value for money. Now, with the new scope for improvements that we have won in 1982, we can surely build a better railway on these strengths; and however demanding the objectives for the future railway, I am more confident than ever that British Rail can deliver."

Copies of the Report are available from HMSO.

BRITISH RAILWAYS BOARD ANNUAL REPORT 1982



This is the age of the train

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELECTIONS

New boundaries

John Curtice, Clive Payne and Robert Waller examine the implications of boundary changes and the local elections

LAST WEDNESDAY, the day before the local elections, the BBC and ITN published the work of their Joint Working Party on the New Constituencies, which attempts to estimate the 1979 general election result if it had been fought on the new constituency boundaries*. Both events provide valuable pointers towards each party's prospects in the coming general election.

The Boundary Commissions' task in their reviews was quite clear. Labour-voting inner city seats have been suffering a decline in population, while Conservative-voting rural and suburban areas have seen an increase. As a consequence, considerable inequality of the size of electorates had occurred and in so doing had given an electoral bonus to the Labour Party. The Commissions' work was therefore bound to be beneficial to the Conservatives; but by exactly how much was unclear until the BBC/ITN results become available. According to their estimates the result of the 1979 election if it had been fought on the new boundaries would have been (actual result in brackets): Conservative 360 (339), Labour 260 (269), Liberal 9 (11), Others 21 (16). The Conservative majority would have been 68 rather than 43.

Have then the Boundary Commissioners readjusted the political balance and produced equality of treatment between the Conservative and Labour parties? To look at this question it is best to examine what would happen if, as a consequence of a uniform 'two-party' swing of 4.3 per cent from Conservative to Labour, both parties got the same share of the overall vote. On the old boundaries the electoral bias to Labour was clear – with such a 50:50 division of the two-party vote they held a 27 seat advantage. Under the new boundaries, this Labour advantage has not only been removed, but an advantage has been given to the Conservatives; at a 50:50 division they would hold 16 more seats than Labour.

Electoral bias arises from two principal sources: first, differences in the average number of voters in the constituencies won by each party (which is affected by both the number of electors on the register and the level of turnout), and second, differences in the size of the majority by which each party is elected in the constituencies it wins. The Tories' electoral advantage arises not from the first (the average Conservative seat in 1979 actually had slightly more voters than the average Labour one), but from the second. For under the new boundaries the Conservatives would, at a 50:50 division of the two-party vote, win rather more seats by a narrow majority than would Labour (50 of their seats would then be vulnerable to a 3.5 per cent swing, while only 41 of Labour's would).

The Tories' boost from the new constituency boundaries will also be tempered by another factor. In England the Boundary Commission drew up its proposals primarily with reference to 1976 electorates. Population movement has continued to disrupt Britain's electoral geography since then. Between 1976 and 1982 the average new English constituency 'won' by the Conservatives in 1979 has grown by 3,600 votes – the average Labour one by only 900. A similar process has operated in Scotland where the Commission used 1978 electorates.

STILL THE SIZE of Labour's task at this election remains substantial. To achieve a bare overall majority (326 seats) they need a swing of just over 5.3 per cent – over 1 per cent more than they would have needed on the old boundaries and more than any party has achieved since 1945. However, it does not follow that Mrs Thatcher is that secure – for it will take a more modest though still substantial swing against her – 3.3 per cent – for her own overall majority to disappear.

The range of swing – anything between 3.3 and 5.3 per cent – which produces neither an overall Conservative nor an overall Labour majority points towards another important property of the electoral system – the extent to which it exaggerates the winner's lead in seats and thus helps secure an overall majority. Because of a decline in the number of marginal seats that exaggerative quality declined quite markedly in the 1970s. The number of marginal seats (defined as those seats where the lead of the winning party at a 50:50 division of the two-party vote would be less than 5 per cent) fell from 149 in 1970 to 108 in 1979.

The BBC/ITN results make it clear that the Boundary Commissions have not disturbed the decline in the 'exaggerative' quality of the electoral system – with the number of marginal seats falling to 101.

A SHREWD MAN might still, therefore, despite the Alliance's decline, place a covering bet on a 'hung' parliament. Certainly if Mrs Thatcher was to have regarded the local election results as a green light for a June election, she needed to be sure that her lead over Labour was not slipping significantly from its 1979 level. Not only is her overall majority vulnerable to a swing of more than 3 per cent, but the volatility which the electorate has displayed in the last four years suggests that it would be preferable to have room for slippage. In the event the local elections only just gave her what she needed.

The pattern of the results was rather patchy. In both the North and the South there were constituencies that moved to the Conservatives compared with 1979 or last year, and those that moved to Labour. But it seems clear that on average Labour did much better in the North than in the South, with the Midlands coming somewhere in between. It is doubtful, however, whether this pattern would have any significant overall impact on the result if repeated at the general election. Applying the swing in each region separately, and taking into account opinion poll evidence (which has been confirmed by previous local election results) which suggests Labour doing better on average in Scotland, and the Conservatives better on average in London, still suggests that the Conservatives would win about 350 seats.

But the local elections also provided some more detailed pointers to what might happen in the general election. There were a number of disappointments for the Alliance. Last year it suffered badly from a 'plateau' effect – a failure to increase its vote as much in stronger wards as in weaker wards. With its vote down 6 per cent from last year it might have hoped for the converse to have happened this time – for its support to fall less in some of its stronger wards – but the average fall in each Alliance party's vote in those wards with an Alliance vote last year of over 30 per cent was similar to that where its vote had been less than 30 per cent.

If it fails to reach 'take-off' point in the elections, the Alliance will be hoping to pick up 'tactical' votes in those places where it is the main challenger to the incumbent party and thereby win some of its individual promising seats. Despite the recent 'discovery' of tactical voting by the media, there was little systematic evidence of its occurrence on a large scale in the local elections.

The fall in the Alliance vote did not obviously benefit either major party. The swing between Conservatives and Labour was only slightly more in Labour's favour in those wards where the Alliance vote fell by less than 5 per cent than in those where it fell by more. Like the old Liberal vote, Alliance success or failure appears generally to be evenly at the expense of both parties and not, as Cecil Parkinson seems to fear, at the particular expense of the Conservatives.

But there did seem to be some difference in the relative success of Liberal and SDP candidates; the vote of the former fell on average by 6 per cent, that of the latter by 8 per cent. Coupled with the failure of any of the seats of its sitting MPs to produce a majority for the Alliance, the SDP enters its first general election with its electoral credibility under question. □

**The BBC/ITN Guide to the New Parliamentary Constituencies*, Parliamentary Research Services, Chichester, £25.

The analysis of the local elections is based on the results in 56 parliamentary constituencies collected by the BBC and the Sunday Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILE

Scottish radical

Jonathan Mirsky talks to Naomi Mitchison

NAOMI MITCHISON is having no nonsense about Britain's spy mania.

'I think it's a lot of balls. The spies should get together in a comfortable hotel in Switzerland, swap their stories, get paid, and go home.'

What about the spies for the Soviet Union – were they traitors? A radical for the last 50 of her 85 years, Mitchison doesn't think so. 'The time when spying was really useful was in the '50s. There was the possibility of an American nuclear first strike. People like Alan Nunn May did a lot for peace by telling their Russian colleagues what was happening. They should have had the Nobel peace prize.'

Slightly hooded by the folds of age, her gaze is as level as it was 60 years ago. She sits in the breakfast room of her Argyll laird's house. Snow-topped Aran lies across Kilbrennan Sound, with its seals and cormorants. Naomi Mitchison, widow of a Labour peer, is a Scottish Haldane, niece of a Liberal Lord Chancellor, daughter and sister of distinguished scientists, and the mother of three professors, a journalist and an historian.

Above all, she is a writer; or, as she says, a storyteller. Last month, her latest novel *Not by Bread Alone* was published by Marion Boyars. Later this year, Virago will re-issue her classic *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*. Novels, stories, political essays, memoirs . . . how many books in all?

'Somewhere between 75 and 80. I can't help writing. I feel really unhappy if I don't do it.'

Not by Bread Alone centres on an attempt to supply global free food by genetic engineering. The scheme of a sinister multinational, it turns into a disaster. Although she has a long interest in science fiction, Mitchison was impelled to write this book by her old concern with the proper role of science.

She is a great battler, especially these days for CND, but she is beginning to lose her optimism. 'Even more than after the '14-'18 War, when so many of one's friends died. It's not just the Bomb. It's the way people lie to each other now and don't seem to mind if they're found out. I feel shame and horror at the British lies about the Falklands, about our neo-colonialism.'

A Labour stalwart, she misses Nye Bevan. She would consider supporting Tony Benn, 'but only on the assumption that his really silly things can't be done'.

Like others 50 years ago, she once had great hopes for the Russians and made a piligrimage. 'But there were things we didn't see, negating the good part.' It is, however, the Americans who really frightened her. She is deeply opposed to what she calls their occupation. US nuclear weapons are stored down the road near Campbeltown.

Mitchison: '. . . her gaze is still as level . . . '

The heroine of her early novel *We Have Been Warned* is asked by a Russian if she wants a revolution in Britain. She replies, 'Something like that.' Does Naomi Mitchison still feel that way? She chuckles. 'Something like that. A real equalisation, with power going back to people with better values.'

In 1934 she went to Vienna with Elwyn Jones and Hugh Gaitskell to help rescue socialists from the Austrian fascists. She has listed 'a little danger' as one of her recreations in *Who's Who* and admits that hastening abroad with money safety-pinned under her dress was thrilling. 'But it fitted in with our lives as socialists. The whisper in Vienna was *Freundschaft und Freiheit* – friendship and freedom.'

Despite her adventures, her work in Scottish local politics and her African responsibilities – all described in the *New Statesman* for decades – she insists that fundamentally she tells stories. Sometimes this has got her into trouble. In *We Have Been Warned* there are explicit descriptions of lovemaking and rape. 'I don't suppose any reputable writer before my time had mentioned the unpleasantness of the touch of rubber.'

It was too much for her publisher, Jonathan Cape, who wrote to her: 'Pages 326 . . . and 327 would lead inevitably to police seizure of the book and its destruction.' Although Victor Gollancz said the book was 'magnificent', he, too, turned her down. 'My efficiency as a publisher of socialist books would be severely damaged . . . the book will undoubtedly be widely described as filthy.'

Mitchison preserves her original passages clipped to the pages of the first edition. The violation of her writing 50 years ago continues to annoy her. 'As one gets older, there are few other pleasures . . . the body is no longer a pleasure giver. We have to be wary of it. Only the tick of the storytelling goes on. Only the words, appearing and offering themselves.' □

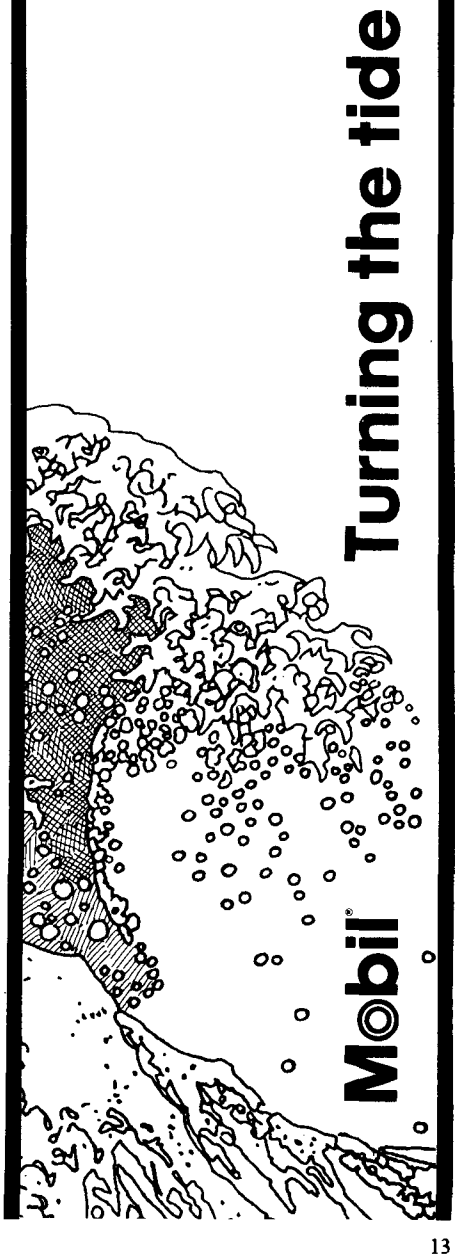
Southeast Essex has always taken a pounding from the sea. Recently, the economic recession has taken its toll of the area, too.

So Mobil, one of the region's biggest employers, decided it was high time to help out on both the environmental and economic fronts.

In association with the Manpower Services Commission and Southend Borough Council, the company has initiated the Mobil Leigh Marsh Project: rebuilding a nature reserve's sea wall and employing some 80 people in the process.

The Mobil Leigh Marsh project is the first of its kind. And it's too good an idea to be the last.

For information about how companies can participate in similar schemes, contact your local Manpower Services Commission office.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RACISM

Dial 'V' for Victimisation

Amrit Wilson and Arlen Harris report on racial discrimination in British Telecom

Chris Davies/Network

Hasna Begum: M Phil from Dacca University, yet not good enough for promotion to BT clerical officer

FOR ELEVEN YEARS, Carol Hector, a black woman, worked for British Telecom (or the Post Office as it then was) as a clerical assistant in its Southwark Bridge Road finance office. Reports on her work – made out annually for all clerical staff – were always satisfactory; yet, year after year, she would get a little letter saying, 'You have not been selected for promotion.' Younger people were promoted ahead of her, in a job hierarchy where employees expect to progress steadily with reliable long service. When she asked her supervisor for a reason for her lack of promotion she was told: 'Why do you want promotion? You have enough, you are well dressed.'

In 1978 she appealed to the Head of Finance. She was then transferred to the London Bridge Office for promotion to clerical officer. There, to her great discomfiture, she found that her head of section, a Higher Executive Officer (HEO), ignored her. This, a colleague told Hector, was because 'she had not expected a darkie'. The same colleague, says Carol, insulted her, hid her files in an attempt to discredit her and once even assaulted her. This persistent harassment continued until June 1979, when Carol Hector was transferred to the sales department. There, she was promoted to trainee clerical officer; but, shortly afterwards, was recommended for demotion back to clerical assistant. This, says Ms Hector, was pure victimisation. She decided to take BT to an industrial tribunal, charging it with racial discrimination. The case was adjourned after the tribunal made various stipulations that BT provide proper training for Ms Hector. She was then 'sent to Coventry' by her colleagues, which exacerbated her high blood pressure. BT then sent a welfare officer to her home, who persuaded her to sign superannuation papers and to retire, at the age of 48.

Hasna Begum has worked for the Post Office and British Telecom since September 1979, also as a clerical assistant. She is a qualified teacher and has an M Phil degree from Dacca University. In May 1981, she was accepted for accelerated promotion and made a trainee clerical officer. Seven months later, she was suddenly informed by the head of her department that she was to be demoted to clerical assistant because the establishment was being cut back. Why Begum? Because she was the most junior, she was told. But, soon after that, she was suspended from the promotion panel: the pool of employees selected for promotion and awaiting a vacancy. This, she was told, was because of her poor annual report.

Hasna's union, the Civil and Public Servants Association (CPSA), protested and she was put back on the panel; but, in December 1982, she faced another suspension because of another poor report. Contrary to accepted practice, both unfavourable reports had been made without first giving her a verbal warning. Indeed, according to Hasna, she was being told verbally by her superiors that she was doing well.

In February this year, management took the even more unusual step of putting Hasna on weekly reports. Her union protested again, but she is still subject to three-monthly reports; while harassment, she claims, has increased. She is continually shouted at and reprimanded for other people's mistakes. More recently, on 5 May, a senior colleague, who was rearranging her files in a fit of anger against Hasna, dropped a large wooden shelf which fell on her head. She had to be sent home in a taxi.

SINCE 1977, THE COMMISSION for Racial Equality has had 40 complaints of racial discrimination within British Telecom. According to such black workers' organisations as the Black Trade Union Solidarity Movement and the Indian Workers' Association, cases like Begum's and Hector's are exceptional only in that other employees suffering from discrimination and harassment fear reprisals for being 'trouble makers'; they are also deterred from complaining because the likelihood of legal victory under the Race Relations Act is notoriously slim and because such victories do not necessarily improve working conditions or relationships.

British Telecom does not know how many black people it employs, nor in what jobs – it does not monitor racial figures. But, of its black employees, most are cleaners, with the next largest group working as clerical staff. As an employer, BT nationally is no more racist than others: but it does have both a highly structured job hierarchy and considerable autonomy for its various workplaces. The combination tends to create an exaggerated regard for status, entrench conservative prejudices and make it difficult for BT to enforce its equal opportunities policy over the heads of unit managers.

There is also, as in most large institutions, a heavy pressure on people to conform to a set of unwritten rules, established by senior staff and local management and usually supported by union representatives. Carol Hector found, for instance, that everyone was given a list of colleagues' birthdays, and it was expected that everyone would give presents individually. Yet, on the occasion of one black woman's birthday, a senior colleague proposed that everyone clubbed together to give her a present.

In an article in *Spare Rib* (April 1983) Lynne Anderson described how, in the almost entirely male telephone engineers' section at Covent Garden telephone exchange, the pressure to conform around the interests of a particular dominant group worked:

> There was a clique which included members of the management that socialised in working hours . . . if you didn't drink with them you weren't 'one of the boys' and it spilled over in regard to privileges such as overtime, shift work and more freedom in general. There was usually talk of other members of staff amongst them, of people who didn't fit into their 'boys' club attitude' for reasons of race, sex and views.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such pressures do not mean working life has to be based on dominant groups excluding 'outsiders'. Active intervention by unions and management, establishing an ethos of equality, can make a significant difference. In the case of Francis Itoje, a black postman at the Battersea Sorting Office, both union and management signally failed to challenge the 'dominant ethos' established by some of the white workers. At this sorting office, very few of the sorters are black. Itoje complained that he was subject to racist abuse, including the comment: 'Nigger, you were slaves; you shouldn't be doing a white man's job.' He complained to management – who referred him to his union. Itoje was told by his branch of the Union of Communication Workers (UCW) to put his complaint in writing. He did so.

Itoje was then summoned to an executive committee meeting, consisting entirely of white union members. In his letter, he had named two individuals as especially abusive. In fact, he had confused one man with his brother and the man wrongly named threatened to sue Itoje. The other man named acknowledged that he had called Itoje a nigger, but said that this was in response to being called a honkie, which Itoje denied. Itoje had brought three witnesses with him. They were not heard.

Itoje was deeply dissatisfied with the result and procedure of this 'hearing'. He decided that he would take both the management of the sorting office and the union to an industrial tribunal. The Commission for Racial Equality (CRE) backed Itoje in his complaint against the union – but discouraged him from pursuing his complaint against management. In such a case, the defendant (here, the UCW) is sent a questionnaire by the CRE to try to establish not only the facts, but also what steps it takes to avoid discrimination. The UCW did not fill in the form, saying that its policy was already known to the CRE. Itoje was then urged by his union to drop the case. He refused and lost, although the tribunal did adjudicate that: 'We are satisfied that at Battersea district sorting office there was and perhaps still is an unfortunate degree of racial animosity.' The union was ruled not to have discriminated.

When the *New Statesman* asked the UCW branch officials at Battersea for their views on this case, they referred all questions to the national officer responsible for race relations, Maurice Styles. When Mr Styles was asked to describe the UCW's policy on race relations and to comment on whether there was a significant racial division of labour in the Post Office, he declined on the grounds that he was too busy. When asked for any comments on Mr Itoje's case, he also declined, accusing the *New Statesman* of 'muck-raking'.

Both the Post Office and British Telecom have the same national policy on equal opportunities, stemming from the time when they were one organisation. It aims 'not merely to observe . . . obligations in law but to establish and give effect to a policy of equal opportunity (with) . . . a determined commitment to eradicate discrimination whether direct or indirect . . . at all levels of supervision and management'. It also declares that 'no part of questionnaires, application forms, aptitude tests etc . . . must discriminate directly or indirectly or imply such discrimination'. Yet, the application form for jobs demands to know the present and previous nationality, not only of the candidates, but of his/her spouse and both parents.

ASIDE FROM SUCH ANOMALIES, the policy can only work if white officers, on both management and union sides, are conscious of how racism operates. From those who were prepared to comment on the above-mentioned cases, the most common response was to talk of 'personality clashes' – an explanation which appears to ignore the response of a person who (because of race or sex) is excluded from the dominant social ties and made to feel an unwelcome outcast.

What is remarkable in these stories is how the people concerned have retained their allegiance to unions even where those unions appear to have rejected them. Francis Itoje is still a loyal UCW member. Hasna Begum has persisted in pushing the CPSA to support her case, although it took 13 months and 'hundreds of phone calls' from her even to get a reply to her letter to former branch chairman Roy Jubb. Paddy O'Laughlin, the union official now dealing with her case, told us: 'There is a lot of waffle about the race relations aspect; to bring race relations into this is ludicrous. It is more a clash of personalities.' Now, however, with support from MP Jock Stallard and groups like BTUSM, the IWA and Workers Against Racism, the union's attitude appears to be changing.

Meanwhile, at Hasna's office, there have been some interesting developments. In February 1982, Asian Executive Officer Ranjit Hore was appointed on probation as her immediate superior. It is he who is responsible for her second poor report – deflecting accusations of racial discrimination. According to Hasna, Mr Hore admitted that he had been instructed by senior officers to do this 'dirty job', and Hore's superior did not refute this allegation when Hasna put it to him in writing. But Hore denied to the *NS* that he had received such instructions.

If there is a policy of recruiting or promoting black workers to counter charges of racism, it does not always work. In Gloucester, in 1978, Mohammed Sayed Patel took BT to court alleging racism in recruitment. Management then recruited two black workers. The Tribunal accepted they had been recruited to deny accusations of racism, and it found against BT, awarding Patel the sum of £250 for 'injury to feelings'.

Many black people consider turning to the law for help but, because of the weaknesses of the Race Relations Act, only a few can actually do so. British law deals with the cases of individuals. And what individual, of either sex or any race, cannot be found to have frailties of personality or working habits to explain lack of promotion or difficulties with colleagues? According to Kuttan Menon, the CRE's senior legal officer: 'Showing legal evidence of discrimination is often very difficult. Tribunal hearings like magistrates' courts are inevitably subjective. In discrimination cases, neither the trade union nor the employers' representatives may have any interest in discrimination being eradicated.'

It is clear why this might be the case with employers; while, in many unions (and not only those which draw their support from the traditional white working class), there can be considerable pressure on officers not to upset traditional interests. But the pressure from their black members – and there is a higher degree of union membership among black people than among white – is not letting up. According to Farida Mayet of the BTUSM: 'Black workers are beginning to organise themselves more strongly within unions. Unions will be forced to realise pretty soon that racism has to be fought as a workers' issue with industrial action if necessary.' □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ A ban-the-bomb leaflet – sent out with Norwich City Council rate demands – was labelled 'scare propaganda' today. The leaflet has also been blamed for causing such distress that people have been seeking the help of doctors. – *Eastern Evening News* (John Garrett)

☐ Bournes, the Oxford Street department store previously known as Bourne and Hollingsworth, which has been holding a closing-down sale for more than a year already, has announced that it will close on 20 August. The sale will then have lasted 18 months, thought to be a record. – *Daily Telegraph* (Russell Holmes)

☐ Vice squad police have arrested a man on a charge of impersonating a policeman and demanding free sex from a King's Cross prostitute. – *Holborn Guardian* (Christian Wolmar)

new left review

138

THE POLITICS OF GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

The Nobel Prize winner talks to Plinio Mendoza about socialism and democracy

ALSO **Kapp** Marx's Children **Therborn** Which Class Wins? **Miliband** State Power **Wright** Gidden's Critique of Marxism

new left review 7 Carlisle St., London W1V 6NL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRELAND

Church and State

Mary Holland reports on a Protestant backlash against next month's referendum on abortion

WHEN J. H. WHYTE WROTE his classic study of Irish politics, *Church and State in Modern Ireland*, the Protestant churches were remarkable mainly for their absence. In a book of more than 450 pages, the Methodists are mentioned seven times, the Presbyterians five and the Church of Ireland eight. The author devotes two pages to analysing the 'self-effacing attitudes' of the Protestant community in Ireland to political decisions – decisions that they have often found deeply offensive.

But, in the past year, Irish Protestants have stormed into the political arena in a way which has seriously embarrassed Garret Fitzgerald's government and confounded even liberal observers. After 60 years of almost total silence on much less contentious subjects, they have chosen the thorny issue of abortion on which to make a communal stance, bringing themselves into conflict with both the main political parties in Ireland and with the Catholic church.

It is now established that a referendum will be held, probably next month, on whether an amendment should be written into the Irish constitution protecting 'the right to life of the unborn'. Abortion is already illegal in Ireland – the point of this amendment is to ensure that law cannot be changed, either by the Irish parliament or by the supreme court.

The debate on whether a referendum should be held at all has now been going on for over a year. In recent months the issue has dominated Irish politics. Dr Fitzgerald has been desperately seeking some compromise wording which would satisfy groups like the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child on the one hand, while buying off those critics who have accused him of giving in to the moral blackmail of an exclusively Catholic pressure group.

What has embarrassed the government most has been the unequivocal opposition of the Protestant churches. Fearful of being branded 'baby murderers', these were careful to emphasise that they were fundamentally opposed to abortion; but nonetheless insisted that they did not feel that the constitution was the proper place to deal with what is essentially a matter for individual conscience. They also stressed their resentment at a blatant attempt to enshrine Roman Catholic teaching into a constitution designed to cover the rights of all Irish citizens.

NOBODY TOOK THEM seriously; least of all the politicians who had given a commitment to the pro-life lobby. It was always felt that the Protestant churches would 'cave in' eventually. For one thing, the company in which Protestant churchmen now found themselves – speaking on public platforms with Trotskyists, feminists and other radicals – was unnerving, to say the least.

It was a reasonable assumption. In the 60-odd years since independence, it is difficult to think of a single issue on which they have, as a community, campaigned for their point of view to be respected. There are good historical reasons for this, given the bitter violence in which the new state was formed. In May 1922, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin led a deputation on behalf of his flock to Michael Collins to inquire whether 'they were to be permitted to live in Ireland or if it was desired they should leave the country? The new government was reassuring in principle and, to be fair, did its best to continue so in practice.

As far as the institutions of the State were concerned, the rights of the Protestant minority were elaborately protected. There was none of the overt discrimination against them of the kind which disfigured Unionist rule in the North.

Even so, Protestants remained wary of their position. From being a minority of 25 per cent in the whole island of Ireland, they found themselves, after independence, reduced to a mere five per cent in the 26 Southern counties. Many of them felt ill at ease in the new state – and since they were, on the whole, reasonably well off, there was no pressing need for them to organise politically, even had this been possible in practical terms. Over and above all this, there was the all-pervading feeling that it was un-Protestant to make a fuss about the direction in which Ireland was going. They compained to each other, but in private.

There were notable exceptions. There was W. B. Yeats's great speech in the Irish Senate, protesting against the Irish government's decision to introduce a ban on civil divorce: 'We against whom you have done this thing are no petty people. We are the people of Burke; we are the people of Grattan; we are the people of Swift, the people of Emmett, the people of Parnell.' But Yeats' arrogant, patrician anger was rarely echoed in later debates. The Protestants for whom he claimed to speak had no wish to get involved in public controversy – and any

Dr Garret Fitzgerald's exclusively Catholic pressure group

Joanne O'Brien/Format

SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT

The pressures of modern life tend to distract our attention from fundamental realities. There is a spiritual basis to life which many of us are now ignoring at the cost of our happiness and security. There are some eternal verities behind the teachings of all religions. In your own interest, learn something about these from THEOSOPHY, the Ageless Wisdom Religion.

Write for information to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidence they might have developed was eroded, once again, when the most recent troubles broke out in Northern Ireland.

SO WHAT HAS CHANGED? The most important factor, quite simply, is the passage of time, which has made Irish Protestants a great deal more confident about their relationship to their own country. One Church of Ireland bishop put it to me like this: 'My parents never reconciled themselves to independence, they remained Unionists until the day they died. I considered myself Irish but . . . I thought it was my duty to join the British army in the war. My son doesn't think like that at all. He's Irish through and through. If he wanted to join an army, which he doesn't, it would be the Irish one.'

This new confidence in their own identity has been reflected, quite strikingly, in the tenor of Protestant churchmen's opposition to the abortion amendment. They have demanded to be heard precisely because they *are* Irish, and reject the idea that their country should be forever characterised as a Catholic state for a Catholic people. 'Do not define my Irishness by your moral code,' pleaded a leading Methodist clergyman, speaking to a large, hushed audience in Dublin's Mansion House recently. It is a theme which has caused considerable heart searching in the Catholic population. The most recent opinion poll shows that while, because of their strong disapproval of abortion, a majority of Irish people will probably vote in favour of the amendment, 60 per cent of those polled believed that the referendum should not be held at all. A substantial number of Irish Catholics now think that the amendment is wrong because it ignores the conscientious objections of Protestants.

If the Protestant minority in Ireland continues to be a force with which to be reckoned, the implications could be incalculable for Irish society. Before the end of this month, all the major parties in the Republic are to meet together with the Catholic Social Democratic and Labour Party from the North to draw up a blueprint which, they hope, will persuade Northern Protestants that their best long-term interests lie in some form of united Ireland. One of the main areas of discussion will be Church/State relations. The Irish Protestants' position on this has now been made crystal clear.

It was reiterated in a letter to the *Irish Times*, last week, by Michael Yeats, son of the poet. He was expressing his anger that some lines from his father's poem 'The Second Coming' had been used in 'a particularly sleazy and unpleasant piece of propaganda' emanating from supporters of the pro-amendment lobby. Instead, he suggested, they should ponder another quotation from W. B. Yeats: 'This country has declared through every vehicle of expression known to it that it desires union with the North of Ireland . . . It knows that it cannot bring about union by force. It must convince Ulster Protestants that if they join themselves to us they will not suffer injustice . . . they cannot be won if you insist that the Catholic conscience alone must dominate public life in Ireland.' □

CANCER

Fewer tests

Dorothy Wade and Justine Picardie on cervical smears

ALMOST AS many women die from cervical cancer in Britain now as they did 12 years ago despite conclusive evidence that efficient programmes of cervical smear tests cut the death rate by up to 60 per cent. In Britain this would save the lives of several hundred women a year. Unlike other forms of cancer, cervical cancer can be detected by the simple smear test at the pre-cancerous stage and is thus, according to doctors, the 'only preventable cancer.'

In 1968, a national system to recall women who are due for a smear test was established in Britain. It was inefficient and under-financed; but the situation is becoming much worse because of the government's decision to make local health authorities responsible for the scheme. The DHSS announced in 1981 that the national register of women to be recalled would close in December 1982 and that local health authorities should have new local recall schemes running by 1 April 1983. However, apart from suggesting the recall schemes be run either by Family Practitioner Committees (FPCs) or health authorities the DHSS has offered no clear guidelines.

There are no advantages for women or health authorities in going local. Every month Cornwall FPC for instance has to cope with four months' worth of records being transferred from the national register. According to Philip Purser, the Cornwall Administrator and Chairman of the Society of Administrators of FPCs: 'It's a lot of manual work with the duplicates, and the women who've moved out of the area to sort out, even when you've got a computer like us. God knows what the other FPCs will do.'

They don't know either. Last – Information Technology – year the DHSS promised microcomputers to 20 FPCs to set up recall systems. So far, no one has seen one, or knows who will get one. Less than half the FPCs have set up a recall scheme, and of those that exist, many are going to be incompatible. Women moving from one area to another can be lost without trace. In several areas, like North Yorkshire, Kent and Wembley, no system can be set up until the various districts within the area agree among themselves what sort of system to operate.

IN ALL THIS, the government is steadfastly ignoring its own research. In May 1982, the DHSS publication, *Health Trends*, pointed out that, compared with other countries and computed expectations here, 'the UK screening service appears to be a relative failure.' In addition, its figures showed that while there has been a slight drop in deaths from cervical cancer among women between 35 and 65 there has been an increase in the number of women under 35 and over 65 dying from cervical cancer. In the over 65s, however, the *proportion* of women dying from cervical cancer has also gone down slightly (from 242 per million in 1968 to 209 per million in 1980.) Among the under 35s, the rate has trebled, from 11 per million in 1969 to 30 per million in 1980. Yet the government guidelines say only women over 35 or those who have had more than three pregnancies should be screened at regular intervals.

In Cornwall, where the FPC recall system is now being demonstrated as a model for other FPCs, Dr Betteridge, who is in charge of the histology laboratory, says: 'We are ignoring the DHSS guidelines because they're absolute nonsense. We're going to treat all women under 35 alike. Our theory is that it is a faster moving disease in the young, and screening should start from the time of regular sexual activity.' In Cornwall, women under 35 and older women considered to be greatly at risk are to be recalled for a test every 3 years, and, other women every 5 years. They also hope to set up a 'call' scheme for women, especially in the older groups who have never been screened. This may move Cornwall towards Iceland's success rate. There, every women between 25 and 70 is examined every two to three years. Deaths from cervical cancer have fallen by 60 per cent since the system was introduced in 1969.

Transferring from a national recall system to a variety of incompatible local recall systems is not going to touch the principal failure of attempts to cut deaths from cervical cancer. Dr Robert Yule, who runs the computerised recall system at Christie Hospital Manchester, says: 'The middle classes are at the top of the queue for everything including cervical smears. But it's the poor bedraggled women who are more likely to get it – ten times more likely. They're the ones who need looking after and they're the ones who aren't going to remember when to have their tests and who will be lost in this mess.'

The government, however, is against a national campaign to encourage less health-conscious women to go for tests. A DHSS circular in December 1981 said: 'It is not considered that a national publicity campaign would be appropriate as experience has shown that such campaigns fail to reach the women most at risk.' This is not the experience of the Cornwall FPC, nor of the Women's National Cancer Control Campaign. They have five touring clinics which give women tests. Where the clinic goes to the women, fits in with their working hours and carries out the right advance publicity 'women of all ages are only too willing to have a test' they say. The problem is not that a publicity campaign would fail to get a response, but rather the reverse. As Dr Betteridge commented: 'If every woman came for screening, there wouldn't be the facilities for them.' □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Christopher Price

Election announcements transform the House of Commons with dramatic suddenness. We arrived on Monday to discuss the Police Bill and found ourselves talking about European Community Document 4658/83 on Hunger in the World – an item surreptitiously slipped on to the Commons agenda last week by Murdo Macleod, the government's prescient business manager, to ensure that there was *something* to discuss, while negotiations went on about which bills were to get a reprieve. I got one out of two right last week. Data Protection (on which we have been working for nearly six months) died, while Education (Fees and Awards), only introduced a couple of weeks ago, has survived. The haggling behind the scenes was so protracted that the Tory whips were sent to scour the nooks and crannies of the building for compliant folk prepared to filibuster the evening away. By ten o'clock they'd persuaded over a dozen Tory backbenchers to take a sudden interest in Hunger in the World – including such unlikely characters as Viscount Cranbourne and Peter Griffiths (late of Smethwick). It would be nice to think that the exercise had induced in the Tory ranks a new solidarity with the poor of the earth. But I suspect we're unlikely to hear much about the poor in the Third World, or even those in Britain, in Mrs Thatcher's election campaign.

○

The end of this particular term is a time of awkward farewells to the unlucky few who have been redistributed and then reselected out of a job. It's always a hazard representing an inner-city London seat because the drift of familes to the suburbs means that one day it gets merged. The Tories manage to look after their own rather better than Labour. While Kenneth Baker, Mrs Thatcher's micro-chip minister, who was squeezed out of St Marylebone, has been found a lush bit of Surrey stockbroker belt called Mole Valley, Jock Stallard, John Tilley and Reg Race, Labour's casualties, are still high and dry, without an election to contest. After years of fighting the Tories in Parliament, it's infinitely galling to lose the chance of continuing to do so at the polls.

○

From this Friday onwards we're banned from our House of Commons offices – to prevent any suspicion of public facilities being used for political campaigning. The translation from prestigious parliamentarian to mere candidate is a salutary and humbling experience; but not quite as humbling as it used to be. In pre-Ted Heath days the salary also ended at the point of eviction from the Palace. Now it not only extends for the duration of the campaign, but there's a little further redundancy money for the losers – if they stand again. But that's only one of the reasons why my good friend, Frank Hooley, deselected from his Sheffield constituency last year, is prudently standing in Stratford-on-Avon. He might not win, but like all of us, he's addicted to the struggle.

○

Last week's annual conference of the Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom is a timely reminder to us all to give greater prominence to our policy for the press. We shall face all the normal lies, distortion and scare stories over the next three weeks; but it will be particularly nasty in London, where the sole evening paper, the *Standard,* is engaged in a war to the death against Ken Livingstone and the GLC. The paper's current neurosis is gay scoutmasters, and I've already had a basinful of it on the doorstep. Out of this ILEA proposal to check *new* applications only, from *all* youth groups, for *any* sort of discrimination the *Standard*'s sister paper, the *Daily Express,* achieved a new height in headline creativity: IT PAYS TO BE GAY IN THE SCOUTS. There's a sentence in our Campaign document, promising legislation on a right of reply in the media. I do hope it survives in the manifesto.

ROGER WODDIS

The Passionate Idealist to Her People

'I am an idealist – a passionate idealist.'
Mrs Thatcher

Come vote for me and be my love,
And we will prosper hand in glove,
You with your plate of jellied eels,
I with my passionate ideals.

Then will we see in thirty days
A further chance for me to praise,
All in the national interest,
Victorian values at their best.

The public sector of our hearts
Will yield before our private parts,
And, what is closest to my soul,
Another million on the dole.

The wonder of the warfare state
Will spur us on, nor shall we wait
To strip this land of all its worth
And make of it a hell on earth.

All these delights which, late or soon,
Will have you baying at the moon,
Will prove, when they have come to pass,
Less taxing for the drooling class.

Both young and old will dance and sing
When they are robbed of everything:
If drawn to these ideals above,
Then vote for me and be my love.

○

I'm glad this election is going to be about War and Peace, because I detect a new Falklands Factor emerging. I was floating through a gentle LBC phone-in the other day, when someone mentioned the Sinking of the Belgrano and jammed the telephone lines with others wanting to discuss the subject. There are electoral precedents for the English tolerating jingoism while our troops are in danger, but then rejecting the War Party when hostilities are over. It is now slowly dawning on more and more folk that it was the possibility of a peaceful settlement rather than a worn-out old cruiser sailing south that was torpedoed by the Prime Minister on 2 May last year. After the Boer War, the House of Commons set up a Select Committee to nail down those responsible for the Jameson Raid. Though Cecil Rhodes wriggled out of being censured on that occasion, it fixed the Raid in the history of British warmongering. Tam Dalyell is doing his level best to line up Mrs Thatcher with Cecil Rhodes and Captain Jameson. He's already persuaded 167 of his colleagues to sign his motion calling for a Select Committee investigation.

○

If elected, we've been told to come back on 15 June to elect a Speaker to replace George Thomas – the first Labour one ever to preside over a whole Tory Parliament. So it's assumed the next incumbent will be a Conservative, and Norman St John-Stevas might get it, if he doesn't lose his seat to the Alliance, who have just taken over Chelmsford. But a great deal of haggling will be necessary first, and the Commons might even have to vote on it. Indeed if there is a hung Parliament, a weekend and two days is a hopelessly inadequate timescale for the Queen to allocate the premiership and solve the delicate constitutional problems involved. But I'm sure it's a scenario she longs for; it's her brief moment of power over the present Prime Minister with whom relations have never been warm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN NEWS: DEFENCE

Threat of broken windows

Peter Pringle reports on a dangerous propaganda game being played with the SALT defence agreements by President Reagan's Administration

Washington

THE TWO FACES OF President Reagan's arms control policy are now unveiled for all to see on the negotiations table at Geneva. One face, the familiar one, seeks to scrap all previous agreements with the Soviets, especially SALT II. The new face wants to show that the Soviets are liars and cheats, and to score political points by blaming them for breaking the rules of current arms treaties.

What the strategists in the Kremlin make of all this is anybody's guess. What seems certain is that the Administration's two-faced posture cannot possibly serve the cause of arms control. According to American reports, both sides have looked for, and sometimes found, 'windows of opportunity' in the fine print of SALT I and II. Charges of cheating have been successfully resolved in private sessions in Geneva. Reagan's right wing wants to change all that. It wants trial by newspaper and television. The obvious danger is that Reagan will bow to this pressure and turn the Soviets off to such an extent that they won't play at all.

There is also a second, more disquieting scenario. If the Soviets come to the conclusion that the SALT regime is 'dead', as Alexander Haig once pronounced SALT II, they are in a much better position than the United States, in the short term, to take steps to add several hundreds of missiles and thousands of warheads to their arsenal.

How did President Reagan lead us into this mess? The Administration came into office calling the SALT II treaty 'fatally flawed'. Nevertheless it agreed to abide by the terms of the treaty, as did the Soviets. At the same time, however, the President's deputies were waging a campaign on another front to try and prove that the Soviets were cheating on chemical and biological warfare treaties.

In Berlin in September 1981, Alexander Haig, in a speech entitled 'The Democratic Revolution and its Future', claimed that the United States had, after a five-year search, found the first physical evidence from Southeast Asia of the Soviet Union's use, through its client state Vietnam, of toxic weapons that violated existing treaties. Soviet use of some kind of chemical agents was not new, but now, for the first time, the Reagan Administration said that the Soviets had crossed the line, had used poisons that kill people rather than just incapacitate them. The evidence was a twig and leaf containing mycotoxins – poisonous substances produced by fungi.

Such flimsy evidence made the scientific community deeply sceptical. But the Administration pursued its point with extraordinary zest, producing two reports, signed by the Secretary of State, of impressive circumstantial evidence from local inhabitants. They had seen the mysterious 'yellow rain' dropped from light planes, they said, and it had made them sick. Thousands had died, reported United States investigators.

By the beginning of this year, most Americans believed that the Soviets had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been violating the 1925 Geneva Protocol and the 1972 Biological Weapons Convention. Only a handful of scientists remained sceptical, most notably Harvard biochemistry professor, Matthew Meselson. Meantime, the Administration had scored a weighty propaganda point and had prepared the world for news of fresh Soviet lying and cheating – this time on nuclear weapons.

In March, the President announced, 'I am sorry to say there have been increasingly serious grounds for questioning their (Soviet) compliance with the arms-control agreements that have already been signed and that we have both pledged to uphold. I may have more to say on this in the near future.' Stirring stuff. Given the atmosphere already created, the President did not have to say more for most people to believe that the Kremlin had been cheating on other agreements, too. As it turned out, Reagan was reluctant to put the Presidential seal on the 'evidence' of Soviet nuclear transgressions. That would, indeed, have been an extraordinary step. In the past, all complaints about SALT have been dealt with, in secret, through a little-known body called the Standing Consultative Commission (SCC). It has met twice a year in Geneva since 1972 and successfully resolved disputes. Instead of solving the problems in private, however, the Administration now wanted to make them public.

The White House stalking horse chosen for this mission was the Republican Senator from Idaho, James McClure. He produced a long list of charges, which are worth examining in detail for they show how easy it is to play political tricks with the SALT agreements; also, how it is possible to adduce more than one version of the truth from the evidence. For example, McClure accuses the Soviets of coding the electronic signals given off by missiles when they are being tested, a process known in nuclear circles as 'encryption'. Total encryption of the signals is forbidden by SALT II because it would prevent the US from finding out what the missile is capable of doing – how far it can fly and how many warheads it can carry.

The precise amount of Soviet encryption is a closely guarded secret, but Williams Jackson, the former arms-control official in the Carter Administration, estimates that the Soviets have been encoding 'in the 70-80 range and above'. In such a case, he says, the Soviets could argue that the US is getting what it needs to know – and no more.

McClure also charges that the Soviets are flight testing two new types of land-based ICBMS. SALT II allows only one new missile. Once the new missile has been announced, any modifications to older ones must remain within certain specified limits. For example, under the treaty the rocket motor of a missile cannot be made more powerful so that the missile can carry more warheads.

Last October, the Soviets announced the test of their 'new' missile, a big new missile like the Americans' MX. But then, in February, they tested another, smaller missile, which they said was a modification of an older one known as the SS13. The second test was not fully encrypted and the US electronic spies were able to pick up preliminary evidence suggesting that the new weight of the modified SS13 would be able to carry more than one warhead. However, this is such a difficult calculation to make that Jackson says there will have to be more tests before the US can be certain that what the Soviets say is true or false.

On both of McClure's charges, Jackson asks: why not press these points with the Soviets through the SCC in Geneva, instead of giving Senator McClure the Administration's dirty work – and making the Kremlin unnecessarily mad? Former SCC commissioners agree. Sidney Graybeal, appointed to the SCC by President Nixon, told Congress in 1979: 'If you really believe that arms control can contribute to US security and you have an agreement, the viability of that agreement depends upon the early raising of any compliance questions (through the SCC) and removing it.'

Another commissioner, Robert Buchheim, appointed by President Ford, said: 'We (Americans) are enormously preoccupied with our ability to catch them (the Soviets) cheating. I think they are, with at least as much emotion, preoccupied with our not forever going around the world calling them liars and cheats . . .'

McClure's charges were not confined to SALT. He also accused the Soviets of exploding nuclear weapons underground with a yield of more than the 150 kiloton limit allowed by the Threshold test ban treaty. However, nuclear weapons scientists directly involved with seismic monitoring of the Soviet tests maintain that the Soviets have not exceeded the limit.

McClure, the politician, can say what he likes and get away with it. The weapons scientists are putting their reputations on the line – in more ways than one. For example, last December, at a public ceremony to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the world's first fission reactor, Dr Michael May, a Livermore nuclear weapons laboratory scientist, asserted in answer to a question from the audience that there was no evidence that the Soviets had violated the treaty. Without revealing the nature of the classified evidence, a second scientist at Livermore, Hugh Dewitt, has backed May's statement.

Despite McClure's faithful utterances on the Administration's behalf, the President appears to have backed away from his threat of public disclosure of Soviet cheating. On 23 April, he told a reporter that he was waiting for a report from a special task force before commenting further.

In the meantime it is as well to know what happens if the SALT II treaty is scrapped. According to Jackson, the Soviets could, within two years, increase their current 2,500 strategic delivery vehicles (allowed by SALT) by several hundred, both missiles and bombers. Worse still, their heavy SS18 ICBM has such a powerful rocket it could, within a year, be deployed with 20 or 30 warheads instead of the ten to which it is currently limited by the SALT agreement. The United States does not, at present, have the capacity to respond. A 'window of superiority' would, indeed, then exist. □

MIDDLE EAST

Wary dialogue

Barry Cohen reports a debate in London last week

LAST WEEK, in a committee room of the House of Commons, a small step was made down the tortuous path to Middle Eastern peace. In association with *New Outlook* magazine of Tel Aviv, the *New Statesman* sponsored a unique debate between Palestinians and representatives of the Israeli peace movement. Chaired by Reg Freeson, MP, it was intended to provide a forum in which the 'Parliamentary Friends of New Outlook' could hear the positions of both sides in this conflict.

On this occasion the Palestinian cause was represented by Mussa Mazzawi, Professor of International Law, and Dr Ghada Karmi of the Council for the Advancement of Arab-British Understanding. On the Israeli side, were Ilan Pappe, a leading activist in the Peace Now movement, and Avram Shomroni, British representative of the left-wing Mapam party.

In their opening remarks, Muzzawi and Karmi made it clear that they were not speaking in any official capacity. As Muzzawi explained: 'The Palestine Liberation Organisation is my spokesman and I am not here to overbid or underbid the PLO. Its leadership is recognised by the world at large and anybody thinking otherwise is a damn, silly fool.'

Dr Karmi echoed the view that negotiations with the PLO were absolutely essential to obtain a lasting peace. She warned against creating 'a dangerous illusion' that there were 'bad Zionists like Begin' and 'good Zionists' such as her fellow panelists. Since the Palestinians had lost everything, Karmi argued, 'we have absolutely nothing to give, and so, it is up to Israel to initiate the dialogue'.

Striking a more optimistic note, Ilan Pappe claimed that the peace process had definitely moved forward during the past decade. Most Arab states had abandoned the goal of annihilating Israel in favour of an eventual negotiated settlement. Pappe also believed that 'Israel was the only factor which can take us out of the vicious cycle we are in. But, each side must rid itself of rigid and callous attitudes.'

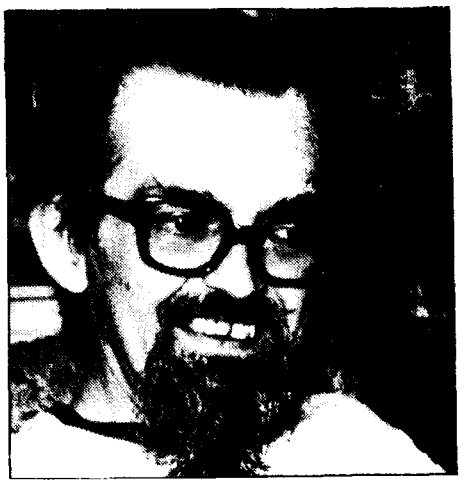
Although his own party used to advocate a binational state before Israel's creation in 1948, Shomroni said that he was now convinced that the only solution lay in an agreed 'partition of the ancient land of Palestine'. While acknowledging the Palestinian sense of suffering, Shomroni reminded them that leaving the initiative entirely up to Israel would further isolate the Israeli peace camp. □

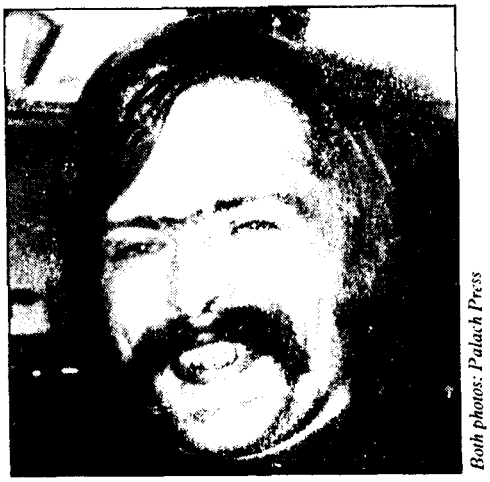
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Cracking down

John Kavan reports new evidence of repression





Both photos: Palach Press

Jaromir Savrda (left): incitement against the Republic. Jiri Gruntorad (right): still in jail

THE SUSPICION EXPRESSED at the beginning of the year (*NS* 4 February) that the Czechoslovak regime has decided to return to the high level of repression of 1979-81 has now been confirmed. It seems that the government's main targets are Roman Catholic orders, workers and less well known human-rights activists.

The principal reason appears to be the regime's attempt to stop dissemination of nonconformist ideas beyond the confines of the relatively small circles of well known dissidents, who are mainly intellectuals and whom the authorities hope to contain in an easily controlled ghetto by the usual methods of repression and surveillance.

On the one hand, playright Vaclav Havel is released ten months before the end of his four-year sentence, not only due to ill-health, but as a result of the ensuing, widespread campaign in the West (*NS* 18 March). Similarly, the journalist Karel Kyncl is allowed to emigrate to England.

On the other hand, a few weeks ago, the government ordered a swoop on the Franciscan order in which about 250 homes were raided and 17 people detained; a mason who is serving a four-year sentence for editing a popular samizdat edition is facing a possible three-year additional sentence for complaining about being beaten up by a prison official; a writer, who is seriously ill, is sentenced to 25 months' imprisonment (to be served in one of the harsher prisons) for copying and illustrating some literary works, including a poem published in the Soviet Union.

The repressive action against the Franciscans has already provoked 85 Slovak clergymen and lay people to petition the president. Both they and Charter 77, which sent an open letter to the President a few days later, pointed out that this was the largest attack on the Franciscan order since April 1950 and demanded the release of the imprisoned friars who are charged with obstructing the 'state supervision of churches', under Article 178, by distributing religious literature. About half of them were arrested in different Slovak towns and the rest in Bohemia and Moravia.

Two weeks ago, the Committee for the Defence of the Unjustly Prosecuted (VONS) issued its 323rd statement. It dealt with the case of worker Jirí Gruntorad, sentenced in July 1981 to four years' imprisonment and three years of subsequent 'protective surveillance' for publishing and distributing unofficial literature, mainly poetry; listening to the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe; supplying VONS with information about his own earlier prosecution; and joining protests against the imprisonment of VONS members. Following his 13-day hunger strike in 1981, he was transferred to the notorious Minkovice prison. There, he was subjected to regular persecution and harassment – culminating, this March, in his being badly beaten up by a prison officer.

Despite threats, Gruntorad complained and this led, last month, to his being charged with falsely accusing an official: an offence which carries a sentence of up to three years. Fears are expressed in Prague that, unless there are sufficient protests in the West on his behalf, Gruntorad will be kept in prison, under especially harsh conditions, for several years. Observers point to the disquieting precedent of the case of another worker, sentenced for similar 'crimes', who was kept in prison for twice as long as his original sentence.

THE SUSPICION THAT she had distributed unofficial literature in the Krkonose mountains, near the Polish border, was used as the justification for the arrest of 56-year-old hotel manageress and Charter 77 signatory Drahomira Fajtlova. The discovery of some samizdat cultural magazines and books, which had been published officially in 1968, led to her being charged with incitement against the Republic. The following day, another Chartist, 50-year-old Jaromir Savrda, was imprisoned for 25 months on the same charge. This is Savrda's second conviction since 1978. He has already served two and a half years for a similar 'offence'. He is seriously ill, with advanced sclerosis, tuberculosis of the kidneys, neurological disorders and increasingly bad circulation which causes him great pain in his legs.

The authorities are more and more frequently using the prisoners' bad state of health as a form of pressure, or even as a means of breaking them. It is no coincidence that, shortly after Petr Uhl (who is serving five years for his human rights activities, having earlier served four for his political beliefs) refused to emigrate to the West and complained about harassment in prison, the prison authorities withdrew permission for him to receive the Vitamin B-Complex with mineral supplements without which his hearing is badly impaired.

It is ominous that Charter 77 spokesman Ladislav Lis, whose arrest was reported in the *New Statesman* of 4 February, has been able to see neither his wife nor his defence lawyer since February. He suffers from severe asthma and, at the time of his arrest, was coughing blood. His health deteriorated in prison and, during his first two months of detention, he lost ten kilos. The report of this must be true, since it was included in a letter from Lis which passed the prison censor in early March. Nothing, however, has been heard from him since. Last week, he was transferred to another prison, to prevent the defence lawyer seeing him.

This strengthened fears about Lis' state of health and Charter 77 has now appealed to the General Public Prosecutor to dispel these fears by allowing someone to visit him. The trial of Ladislav Lis could take place soon. The authorities have dropped the ludicrous charge of theft and are charging him with incitement of the Republic, which is justified solely by his Charter 77 activities.

The Invasion of Lebanon

Edited by
Ibrahim Abu-Lughod & Eqbal Ahmad

The meaning of Beirut
Despatches from the war
The defence of Beirut
The medical impact of the siege of Beirut
An Israeli press survey
Excerpts from the McBride Report
Interview with Yasser Arafat
Report from the Palestine Red Crescent Society
Sabra and Shatila, reports and testimonies
American arms in Israeli hands
Report from an Israeli POW camp
Reviews and bibliography

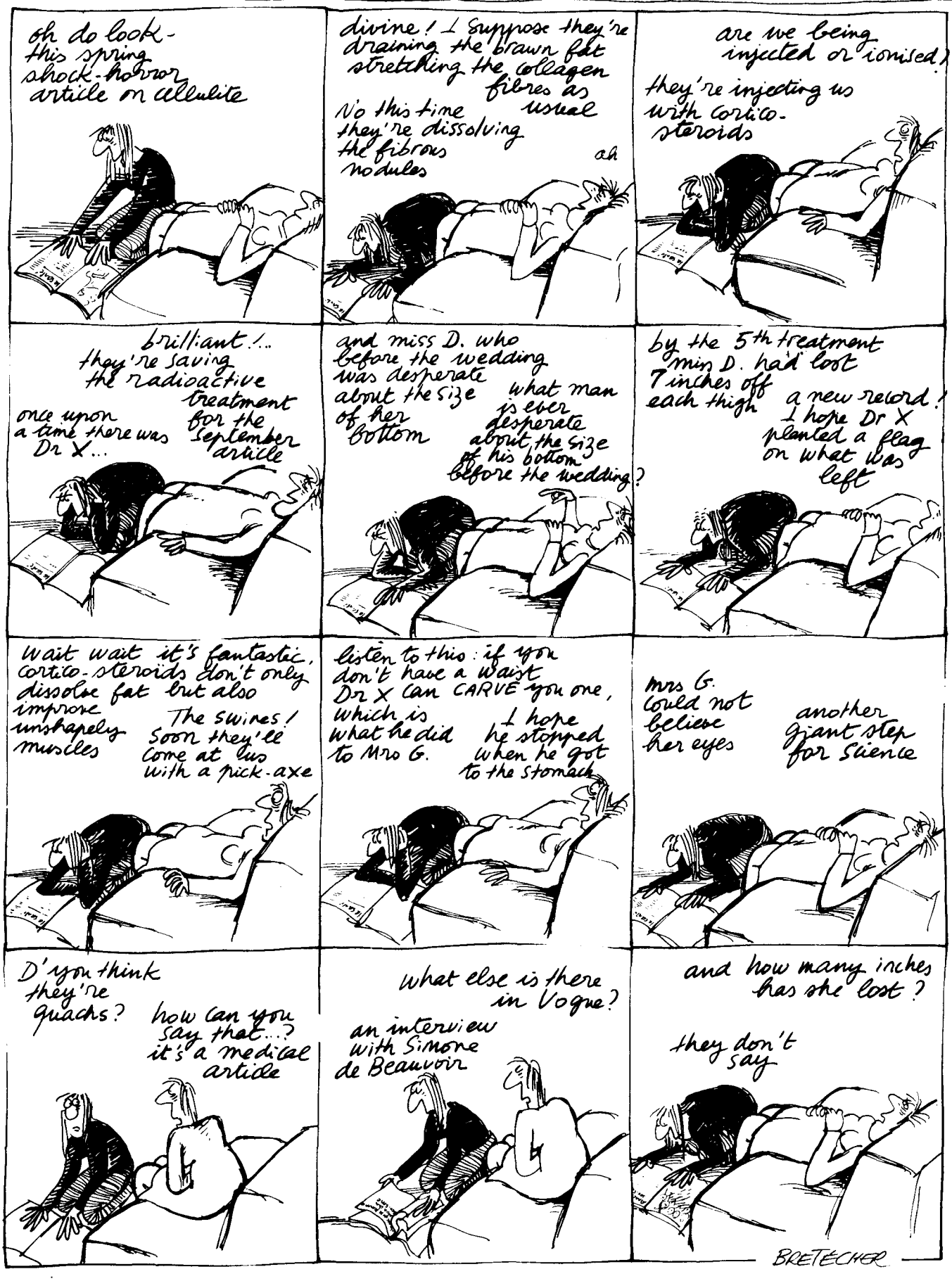
RACE & CLASS SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE £3

Annual subscription £8 (four issues p.a.), available from the Institute of Race Relations, 247 Pentonville Rd., London N1 9NG (cheques payable to Institute of Race Relations).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

THE VAMPIRES


oh do look - this spring shock-horror article on cellulite
divine ! I suppose they're draining the brawn fat stretching the collagen fibres as usual
No this time they're dissolving the fibrous nodules
ah
are we being injected or ionised ?
they're injecting us with cortico-steroids
brilliant !... they're saving the radioactive treatment for the September article
once upon a time there was Dr X...
and miss D. who before the wedding was desperate about the size of her bottom
what man is ever desperate about the size of his bottom before the wedding ?
by the 5th treatment Miss D. had lost 7 inches off each thigh
a new record ! I hope Dr X planted a flag on what was left
wait wait it's fantastic, cortico-steroids don't only dissolve fat but also improve unshapely muscles
The swines ! Soon they'll come at us with a pick-axe
listen to this : if you don't have a waist Dr X can CARVE you one, which is what he did to Mrs G.
I hope he stopped when he got to the stomach
mrs G. could not believe her eyes
another giant step for science
D'you think they're quacks ?
how can you say that...? it's a medical article
what else is there in Vogue ?
an interview with Simone de Beauvoir
and how many inches has she lost ?
they don't say
BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Non-violent direct action

Pete Strauss, Nottingham

I read with interest R. Banks's and R. Walker's response to Sarah Benton's article about the Burghfield blockade (*NS* 8 April). I agree with them that, although the action was in a sense successful, CND failed to find a tactical answer to the problem of the Mearings private road. I would disagree with them, however, that it was non-violent direct action *as such* that was an inappropriate tactic. It was the way we did it that was wrong.

It was not NVDA that we reified – it was the sign saying Private Road; it was the MoD police standing at either end of the road; it was the MoD barriers that stood between us and the main gate to the factory. By allowing the MoD to dictate to us where and how we should blockade, we gave up to the state our control of the action and so . . . we were defeated! What surprised me at the blockade was that when I suggested that we should pass the barrier and attempt to blockade the main gate itself, people found my suggestion preposterous. It had not even occurred to blockaders that this was a possibility. It had occurred to the state, for, literally within seconds of the suggestion having been made, extra police were rushed to the scene. It would appear that the state had a more imaginative understanding of NVDA than we did . . . and that is simply not good enough.

Banks and Walker are quite right to point out the complexity of the political terrain on which we must operate. Non-violent direct action, if it is to be successful, must be understood as not being passive, but provocative. If we do not control it, without will and our imagination, then it is nothing. The state will beat us every time.

Paul Whiteside, Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Salisbury, Wilts

The complaint by R. Banks and R. Walker about CND's organisation of the blockade of ROF Burghfield on Maundy Thursday (Letters 29 April) is answered in their own letter. 'As it turned out, the factory was given an enforced holiday.' It would have been more significant to acknowledge that the action succeeded in its political aim: the whole country now knows Burghfield to be a nuclear weapons factory. CND Projects Committee was fully aware of the difficulties of blockading The Mearings. The blockade organisers did all in their power to avoid inconveniencing residents. Nevertheless, Burghfield is too important for the blockade to have been cancelled because of residents' objections.

On the more substantial matter of the 'reification' of NVDA, CND Council on 16/17 April endorsed a plan by the Projects NVDA Working Group to develop a campaign embracing *all* forms of direct action. The Working Group was seriously concerned that blockading might be seen as the 'exclusive means open to us'. Hence the plan, which is outlined in the May issue of *Campaign*, the CND activists' monthly newspaper.

If Banks and Walker are seeking training other than in NVDA, there is the Campaign Development Network, endorsed by Executive and Projects. Details of this were published in the April issue of *Campaign*.

Taken together with the Peace Canvass, the General Election strategy, Peace Pentecost and the adoption by Council of the Freeze within the overall campaign, there really is no evidence of 'rot'; rather there is a wide variety of options open to CND activists, a range which is continuing to widen. CND groups and individual campaigners will continue to make their own choices in the options they decide to adopt, as well as those which they create for themselves.

Cruelty and the beast

Kim Stallwood, Campaign Officer, British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, London WC2

We were delighted to see you publish a photograph (*NS* 29 April) of the national anti-vivisection demonstration at the British Industrial Biological Research Association – and state that 'animal rights has now established its place in Britain's protest politics'.

The abuse of animals not only restricts our moral growth but also causes very real human hardships. Our present agricultural system is geared up to producing food for humans via animals and, accordingly, 90 per cent of agricultural land in this country is used to grow food for animals and only 8.3 per cent for direct human consumption. Quite simply, animals, intensively reared or otherwise, don't create food – they waste it. Moreover, the diet of factory farmed pigs and chickens is heavily dependent upon the importation from India and other developing countries of valuable vegetable protein.

While some animal experiments may have helped human disease, there can be no doubt that contagious diseases have been contained because of improved social conditions like housing, hygiene, diet, sanitation and clean water. Whereas the diseases of today, including cancer and heart disease, are by and large preventable with a change of attitudes, lifestyle and environment. And of course the main supporters of animal experiments are the multi-national pharmaceutical industries whose only interest is healthy profits, not health itself.

In the minds of many, the philosophy of socialism automatically incorporates our opposition to racism and sexism. It is time for our horizons to be broadened so that our prejudices no longer stop at whether the individual walks on two legs or four. Inevitably, the final class barrier of speciesism must fall because the exploitation of humans is inextricably interwoven with that of animals.

Views of Ghana

Victoria Brittain, London

Mr Arnold's claim that 'the US government is not engaged in any actions directed against the PNDC' in Ghana (Letters 6 May) is consistent with similar US denials of involvement in the overthrow of Allende's government in Chile, the military programme against the MPLA in Angola in 1975, or the current attempt to bring down the government in Nicaragua. In such cases as these (and there are dozens of other documented examples, like the secret bombing of Indochina and the present use of US 'advisers', Vietnam-style, in El Salvador), independent journalists do not automatically record US denials.

Mr Arnold says the West German government has claimed that the secret report sent from their embassy in Accra to Bonn, and published by the Ghana government, is a forgery. It would be very surprising if they admitted publicly the authenticity of such a document which, in addition to the material on American activities, contains a most unflattering assessment of Ghana's head of state. Besides, if such an explosive document had been a forgery the West Germans would have been likely to make some diplomatic gesture of retaliation. Relations between Accra and Bonn appear unaltered by the publication of the document.

Mr Arnold rightly says that the Ghana government has not offered any evidence that the US is hiring mercenaries to attack Ghana. They hardly need to when mercenaries, Ghanaians and other nationalities and their go-betweens, have freely boasted in London and elsewhere of their US funding.

Mr Arnold's point that the US passport held by one of the Ghanaians wanted after the February coup attempt was issued before the return to power of Flight Lieutenant Rawlings 'according to US government records' hardly explains away the awkward connection between the alleged plotters and the United States.

Electric Foot

Francis Beckett, c/o New Statesman, London EC1

Northern Echo editor Alan Prosser would have been wiser not to reply (Letters, 29 April) to the *New Statesman*'s Miscellany piece about his paper's role in the Darlington by-election. For his selective account forces upon me the painful duty of filling in some gaps.

After the page lead 'SDP packs them in for Shirley' about a 700-strong meeting, Mr Prosser's reporter came to Michael Foot's 1,000-strong meeting with instructions to write two paragraphs! They appeared at the bottom of an out-of-date story about something different.

The Labour Party press officer (it happened to be me) did not, as Mr Prosser claims, agree his figure of 850 at Michael Foot's meeting. I just said, in one of many heated conversations with Mr Prosser that weekend, that if he had given it comparable coverage to the Shirley Williams meeting, I wouldn't have quibbled about the extra 150. As it was, Mr Prosser did agree to run Ossie O'Brien's statement a few days later about the meeting. Nonetheless, the turning point of the campaign had happened – and the region's newspaper had failed to notice.

I'm especially surprised that Mr Prosser should go out of his way to defend his polls. If I were the editor of the *Northern Echo* I would not wish it too often recalled that the day Fleet Street's properly conducted polls were correctly predicting a Labour victory, the region's newspaper was front-paging its own ramshackle telephone poll and getting it about as wrong as it could be got.

Finally, the day before polling day, Mr Prosser devoted his front page to the 'discovery' by Social Democrat MP Ian Wrigglesworth of a member of Militant on the streets of Darlington. Journalists working on the story thought it was intended as a diary piece. If we are to believe Mr Prosser, and his decision to make it the splash was not inspired by political malice, then it must be the greatest journalistic misjudgement since the American paper whose early edition proclaimed a Dewey victory in 1948.

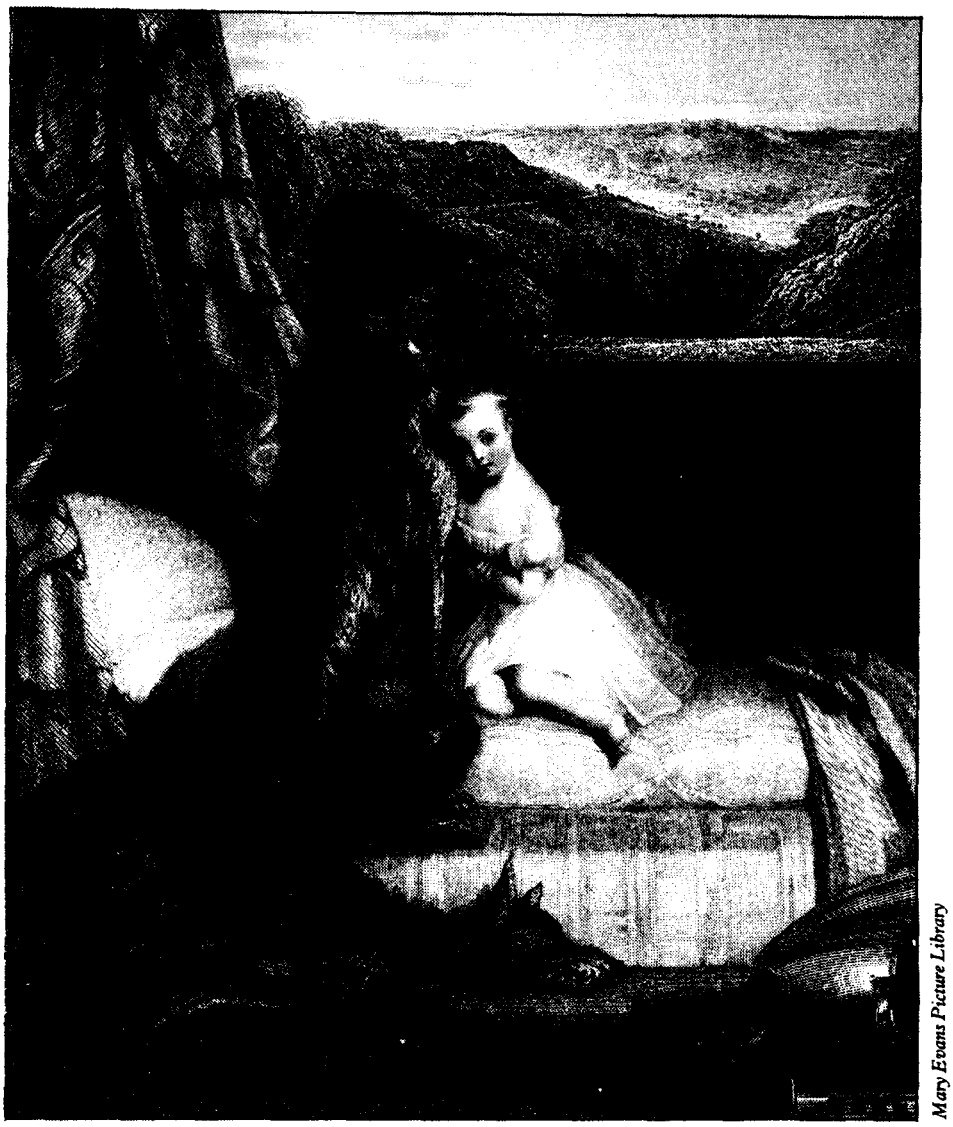
Northern Echo coverage showed up particularly badly when contrasted with the professionalism and objectivity of its small sister paper, the *Evening Dispatch*. The scene that sticks in my mind was the embarrassment of Mr Prosser's reporter amid the cruel laughs of Fleet Street when Ossie O'Brien told his last press conference that the Labour helpers in Darlington were 'only outnumbered by *Northern Echo* reporters scouring the streets for militants'.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C. S. L. Davies

Imagining the past

The History Men
JOHN KENYON *Weidenfeld* £16.50
The Invention of Tradition
ed. ERIC HOBSBAWM and TERENCE RANGER
Cambridge £17.50



Mary Evans Picture Library

'Faithful Gelert' – an invented tradition

John Kenyon has written a lively, informative guide to English history writing since the Renaissance. It is not what the blurb threatens, a 'survey of the historical profession', since no such profession existed, on Professor Kenyon's showing, until quite recently, with the emergence of university history departments and training in 'research'. And Kenyon makes only a desultory stab at the sort of statistical assemblage (numbers of teachers, of students, of apprentices to the profession grinding through the PhD mill and so on) which a survey of that sort would require. The book is a pleasant jog-trot through the great historians, a survey of some recent controversies, and reflections on the present state of history writing. It began as articles for the *Observer* magazine and in lectures to first year students to most of whom 'a book by Tawney, Namier, Elton or Trevor-Roper is just a book, its author ageless and unreal'.

Modern work on English History in the period 1500-1800 provides the 'case-studies'; and pretty bleak and depressing they are in their negative parochialism. The mood is the currently fashionable neo-conservative. Elton and Namier are the heroes; Namier for his uncompromising disbelief that politicians might be moved by considerations other than immediate self-interest (an odd line for a dedicated Zionist), Elton for his defence of 'conventional history', which appears to mean Anglo-centric political history, seen from Westminster, against the claims of 'relevance', 'world history' or even social history. Kenyon hedges on some of the magisterial pronouncements, but there is little doubt about his sympathies. On his own 17th century there is no ambiguity. Assassination of Gardiner and Trevelyan on the one hand, of Tawney on the other, disposes of the English Civil War as reflecting either deep divisions of principle or changes in social structure. Namierism, having come late to the 17th century, is now triumphantly installed. The Civil War was an avoidable accident, and 'Puritanism' only a historian's illusion.

A cautious refusal to generalise is undoubtedly the prevailing mood at the moment; so too is a drawing in of horns and a concentration on 'mainstream' subjects, meaning for the most part England and Western Europe since about 1500. As Kenyon suggests, the cause is in part structural; historians are getting older. The Sixties saw massive recruitment to teaching posts, the Seventies very little, the Eighties threaten none at all. The longish-haired, corduroy-jacketed Sixties generation are now busy 'revising their courses in the direction of greater conventionality'. Kenyon obviously applauds the withering away of allegedly over-ambitious and badly-underpinned courses in 'African history, Indonesian, Chinese and Japanese history', and quotes with some satisfaction an apparent Galileo-style recantation by that bell-wether of historical fashion, Lawrence Stone. We had come to 'the end of an era, the end of the attempt to produce a coherent scientific explanation of change in the past'.

Fortunately Kenyon has exaggerated the degree of reaction. His 'case studies' cover too small a portion of the field, and that the most favourable for his case. English historians of Europe are passed over, on the grounds that 'if we except Robertson's *Charles V* [produced in 1769] and exclude John Lothrop Motley as an American', they have produced no 'important or influential corpus of work'. No room, then, among the moderns for Richard Cobb, A. J. P. Taylor, Theodore Zeldin or E. H. Carr; certainly no place for Joseph Needham's great work on Chinese science and Chinese civilisation, although Kenyon breaks his own rules to get in a few easy gibes at Toynbee. Medieval history is seen exclusively in terms of the constitutionalist legacy of Stubbs and damned for its 'ardent technicalities'. So David Knowles, author of a masterpiece of beautifully written, humane learning can be dismissed as 'an authority on medieval monasticism' and as a rather surprising choice for the Regius chair at Cambridge. An 18th century seen only in terms of parliamentary manoeuvres can find no room for E. P. Thompson.

Solid achievement in social history is unremarked: Keith Thomas's *Religion and the*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Decline of Magic (except for passing commendations of its prose), or the very different achievement of the Cambridge demographers, headed by E. A. Wrigley and R. S. Schofield, in placing English population history over the last four centuries on a thoroughly scientific basis. Social history is largely disposed of in a sub-chapter on Tawney. A survey of the famous 'Gentry Controversy' of the Fifties includes lively quotations from Trevor-Roper's destruction of Tawney. It fails to mention that empirical studies since have substantiated Tawney's impressions and provided no support for Trevor-Roper's picture of a landholding class squeezed by an inflation of which it was in fact in every position to take advantage.

It is easy to raise a snigger in the lecture room by the casual dismissal of a famous name. **The History Men** falls into the trap. With a wealth of entertaining details, interspersed with agreeably tart observations which often hit their target, it nevertheless fails essentially to give any real sense of the positive achievements of the historians concerned; even, oddly, for Elton and Namier themselves. (The only exception seems to be David Hume.) This casualness is at odds with the professionalism it purportedly celebrates; as is the proof-reading, which produces several mis-spellings and manages to have Augustine arrive in Kent just two centuries too late.

THE HISTORIAN, harping on about 'what really happened', tends to be the enemy of the good story. 'Time-honoured' traditions are often cruelly exposed as of quite recent origin, and invented or at any rate manipulated for some ulterior motive. **The Invention of Tradition** is a collection of essays on this theme. Hugh Trevor-Roper and Prys Morgan show how artificial were many of the elements of the 'Celtic Revival' which hit Scotland and Wales during the Romantic period. The kilt, apparently, was invented by an English Quaker iron-founder, Thomas Rawlinson, about 1727, as practical wear for his Highland workers. The clan tartan, 'now worn, with tribal enthusiasm, by Scots and supposed Scots from Texas to Tokyo', stems from the entrepreneurial activities of William Wilson and Son of Bannockburn. The tear-jerker about Llewelyn's faithful dog Gelert was invented by 'a South Walian hotelier of the Royal Goat Hotel, Beddgelert' for the tourist trade. Bespectacled clerics, trousers peeping out beneath their bardic dress, at the National Eisteddfod, are living out the fantasies of Iolo Morganwg, more prosaically Edward Williams; the first performance was in London in 1792.

The rest of the book focuses on the years around 1900, when there was an urgent need to popularise 'traditional' institutions as politics became mass politics. David Cannadine examines the stage-management of the British monarchy. Edward VII, Elgar and, above all, Lionel Brett, Viscount Esher, more or less invented the 'pageantry and grandeur of a thousand-year-old tradition'. Eric Hobsbawm ranges around Europe and the United States; national anthems, flags, uniforms, military parades, monumental buildings, the general celebration of 'jubilees' (following the success of Victoria's in 1887 and 1897), all more or less peaked with the beginning of mass suffrage. Hobsbawm also has an eye for clothes and sport as class indicators: football and cyling for the workers, tennis for the emancipated children of the bourgeoisie.

The 'Imperial Assemblage' at Delhi in 1877 to proclaim Victoria Empress was, Bernard Cohn suggests, the first attempt on a large scale to project the image of British rule in India. Africans, as Terence Ranger shows, had to settle for rather less, as befitted their supposedly childish nature. As late as 1947 the government of Northern Rhodesia announced that

> King George is the biggest King in the world. He is not like an African chief. He does not like people crowding all around Him. He expects to see His subjects on their best behaviour.

But, Ranger claims, not only government ceremonial but a good deal of 'what is called customary law, customary land-right, customary political structure and so on, were in fact *all* invented by colonial codification'; most strikingly, that archetypal African institution, the tribe.

The effectiveness of invented tradition is seen in the attempts by opposition movements to invent their own; the popular image of the General Strike, for instance. The last word must be with Namier, appositely quoted by Kenyon. People might be expected 'to remember the past and imagine the future'. In fact 'they imagine [history] in terms of their own experience, and when trying to gauge the future they cite supposed analogies from the past; till, by a double process of repetition, they imagine the past and remember the future'. □

BIOGRAPHY
John Lucas

Lord Weary

Robert Lowell: A Biography
IAN HAMILTON *Faber* £12.50

Why do we need biographies of writers? I can think of only two I would not be without, and Boswell and John Forster not only had an affectionate, awed familiarity with their great subjects, they also had a marvellous story to tell. Most writers, however, do not lead particularly interesting lives, and would not be written about were it not for their art. Yet there is no doubt that people *want* biographies, and mostly, I suspect, for what they feel are excusable reasons (though in fact they're pretty unpleasant ones). If you know that in private life a writer had unhappy love affairs, drank too much, didn't pay his debts, made friends unwisely, was – well, *ordinary*, it helps to reconcile you to his superior talent. Why, you can even feel superior to him. After all, your dirty linen isn't going to be given a public airing. Nobody in his right mind would produce a biography about a writer less talented than himself, yet the effect of most biographies is to shrink the biographee to the level of the person who is writing about him. But then, as Dryden remarked (admittedly in a rather different context), 'How can the less the greater comprehend?'

I know that it is said that we need biography to help us to understand the work. But is that true? In this context 'understanding' nearly always means 'explaining away' or, more generously, 'justifying'. But such justification often turns out to be a form of not-so-special pleading or a reductive exercise. Even Ian Hamilton's biography, which is far and away the best of the recent lives of American poets, does not entirely escape these faults.

Lowell had a history of psychotic illness: 'In 1954 it had been thought that thorazine was the "wonder drug" that would stabilize him, but 13 years later it was evident that thorazine had no preventive function. In 1967 a new wonder drug made its appearance: lithium carbonate'. Lowell agreed to take the drug. At the time, or shortly after it, he began writing a mass of unrhymed sonnets:

> Many of the sonnets are recognizably by Robert Lowell; they employ his verbal tricks – his triple adjectives, his gnomic oxymorons – and they are frequently dense with obscure details from his autobiography. And yet there is something glazed and foreign in their manner of address, as if they sense an audience too far-off, too blurred to be worth striving for. Or is this fanciful? It would be safer, maybe, to conjecture that the important 'side effect' of Lowell's lithium treatment was in how it seemed to him.

Those anxious qualifications show that Hamilton is perfectly well aware that there's a problem in his kind of approach. But being aware of the problem isn't the same thing as avoiding it.

Still, it would probably be wrong to make too much of this. *Robert Lowell* is impressive because it doesn't press. For example, having shown us something of Lowell's odd upbringing, his bullying adolescence, his vastly ambitious programme for reading and preparing himself for a life of writing, Hamilton quotes from a letter of 1940, in which Lowell remarks that he must 'keep spiritually alive and brilliantly alive, for poetry is, as the moral Milton conceded in practice and precept, a sensuous, passionate, brutal thing.' A lesser biographer would have fallen on Lowell's substituting Milton's 'simple' for his own 'brutal'. Hamilton lets it pass.

This is the more remarkable because it would be possible to make much of the links between the two poets. Both were avid for success, they thought of themselves as public poets, they had an intense dislike, amounting to near-hatred, of much of the life they saw about them, and both placed themselves at the service of the state. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also made life appallingly difficult for their wives (both were married three times) and there are grounds for thinking Elizabeth Hardwick is more entitled than Katherine Woodcock to the epithet of espousèd saint.

Yet none of this would be of any account were it not for the fact that Lowell is probably a great poet. And this is where Hamilton's biography, although it partly fails, at least comes nearer to succeeding than most; for Hamilton has a sense of the salient fact, moment, decision. Without improper emphasis he mentions Lowell's seeking out of Allen Tate and frantic conversion to Catholicism (useful because it allowed him a perspective by means of which to distance himself from the New England that nevertheless obsessed him); he notes his sudden conversion to W.C. Williams, presumably made because it helped him accept the America he had once powerfully and, it must have seemed, finally renounced, so that nothing less than conversion would allow for so absolute a change of direction. He outlines Lowell's Marvellian phase, which also had the drama of conversion about it. (Hamilton is wrong to think Lowell was trying to imitate the metre of the 'Horatian Ode', which isn't in octosyllabics, but he is obviously right to see that in his political poems of the mid to late 1960s the poet was struggling to achieve Marvell's sort of quizzical impartiality – although, granted the absolute difference in temperament, it was bound to fail.) And he quotes a letter that Lowell wrote when he had become involved with Caroline Blackwood, in which, in a final would-be conversion, Lowell attempts to take on the tone of the patrician Englishman: 'Already one feels reborn.'

Perhaps this makes Lowell seem a poseur. Certainly his life is not pleasant to read about. But only someone in whom self-protecting shrewdness was matched by such crazy vulnerability could have behaved as Lowell did – and all, it has to be said, in the interest of producing poems. When Lowell sent Randall Jarrell his manuscript of *Lord Weary's Castle*, Jarrell wrote back: 'I think they are some of the best poems anyone has written in our time and are sure to be read for hundreds of years.' Time will almost certainly prove Jarrell right. It is time, rather than biography, which forgives everyone by whom language lives. □

Mike Jenkins

Brother

For years now
we've sent each other
propaganda presents,
books meant to save us
from a future on opposite sides
of the barricades.

I remember smashing (with a vandal's
pointless fury) one of his immaculate
model aeroplanes, which were strung
across the flat sky
of his bedroom ceiling.

I remember walking in his frayed jacket
at school, pulling his image
to the ground in a brawl –
yet those letters he prized, ATC,
important in my mind as toy guns.

Today, his plans are more secretive
than all those complex details he made
his models from: great Meccano structures
of oil-fields he would protect
with the latest computer gadget, 'Kill
Klean'.

He tells me of hours spent
watching herons (languorous fishers)
and I think of the call of his planes
scattering nerves like so many feathers,
ready to bomb, with explosions
which would make cloud mushroom
like the guts of a shot bird.

FICTION
Grace Ingoldby

Rough justice

Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter
MARIO VARGAS LLOSA *Faber* £7.95
Binstead's Safari
RACHEL INGALLS *Faber* £7.95
Cousins
MONICA FURLONG *Weidenfeld* £7.95

The interconnecting stories of **Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter** are set in Lima in the 1950s and run parallel to one another to produce a comic novel on the grand scale written with tremendous confidence and verve. Mario, 18-year-old law student and radio news-editor, falls scandalously for his Aunt Julia, the 32-year-old divorced wife of a cousin, and the progressively lunatic story of this affair is interwoven with episodes from a series of radio soap-operas written by his friend Pedro Comancho, a scriptwriter of prodigious output and hysterical imagination who sprinkles his work liberally with his own prejudices (Pedro is Bolivian and loathes Argentina; Pedro is 50, the only age to be). While Mario struggles between highly illegal kisses to create one 'meaningful' short story a month, Pedro, frequently dressed as one of his own characters, churns out his satisfyingly salacious serials – tales of incest, patricide, police corruption – psycho-drama of the slums where civic morality is 'trampled underfoot' and young life strangled by 'the twist of fate'.

Ratings rocket at the radio station as Comancho's serials grip all Lima – but, imperceptibly at first, prodigious output tells on Comancho, a slip here and there accelerating at an alarming rate until his stories have become hopelessly confused, the serials merged into one another. Now that the limit of public credulity is reached, protests pour in and the desperate Comancho launches himself on the only possible method of extrication, systematic elimination of his characters.

Llosa's huge energy and inventiveness as he plunges Comancho's characters to their doom is extravagant and fabulously funny. The necessary catastrophes are epic and ridiculous: blood-soaked conflagrations, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, apocalypse within the Carmelite convent, a stampede in the football stadium reducing the crowd to 'human soup'. Simultaneously Mario's affair has become infectedly clichéd and crazy as the 'ill-starred' lovers flee from Mario's father (who will shoot to kill) and speed across country in search of a bent mayor to marry them.

Beneath the hilarity Llosa poses questions in timely need of a new airing. Can Comancho, who lives to write but writes trash, be dignified by the term 'writer' or is this label sacrosanct, reserved for something, someone, altogether more serious? Is the line between life and art, fiction and reality no more or less than a trick of the imagination? At what level of unreality is the suspension of disbelief no longer possible and why? The scale and humour and grasp of Llosa, like those of Marquez, are immensely refreshing. Both are expansive, extrovert and entertaining in a particularly non-European way. The perspective afforded by such scale is a useful one – making, for example, the dreary debate over the double ending of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* appear more than slightly ridiculous.

In **Binstead's Safari** scale of a different nature, the landscape of Africa, its unending skies, 'like portraits of heaven in the backgrounds of religious paintings', plays havoc with the shabby marriage of Millie and Stan. Stan, an American academic on safari to track down and authenticate strange happenings in remote places, is belittled by Africa – recognising, even before he sets foot in Nairobi, the nasty old tread of impending menace. While his guilty conscience makes him jumpy and Africa makes him itch, his wife, tactlessly, blossoms beneath the sun, is transformed from the dull, undesirable, depressive, barren adjunct-wife into someone beautiful, serene, with a naive talent for water-colour painting.

Millie's transformation is a tall story among other tall stories here, but Rachel Ingalls writes very well and gets away with murder. The novel, a mixture of suspense and modern fairy tale, is peopled by types who act and talk like characters out of Karen Blixen, teetering on this side of conviction. In Africa's atmosphere of rough justice to man and beast, Stan, a rather bad lad, doesn't stand much chance. The grey tones of complex 'relationships' are inappropriate here, and good, for once, triumphs over evil.

A summary of **Cousins** which charts the ebb and flow of a love affair between Hugo (troubled theologian, successful academic, lousy husband) and his second cousin Laura (successful sculptress with cough living the 'artist's' life in a cottage outside Cambridge) does scant justice to what is actually a well-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judged and rather thoughtful novel. Among the clichés like wild flowers set in a sea of gladioli, Ms Furlong steers her novel beyond the hackneyed and into the simple truth.

The joy of a new love affair and the huge misery and anger at the loss of it are set against Laura's lonely struggle to 'create' a work of art and further complicated by Hugo's family: the retarded sister who wets her pants, the son who is also in love with Laura, the wife who descends upon the adultress with perfect poise, 'not as worrying as a revolver, but bad enough'. The character of Laura is a good one and her plight, though far from original (whose is?), is movingly described. □

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Blood lust

THE KENYA DIARY, 1902-1906 (Eland, £4.95) of Richard Meinertzhagen is a little-known document, now for the first time in paperback, which sheds a frighteningly revealing light on the operation of colonialism in Africa, as seen through the eyes of an army officer who considered himself always an honourable, dedicated, unselfish agent of Western civilisation. Yet, as I read this vividly detailed account, I could not help wondering how it would differ from a similar diary, 1940-1945, kept by an SS captain who felt that destiny had chosen him to pacify occupied Europe in the name of the Greater Reich, herd inferior races into reservations, hunt down subversives and saboteurs, and clear the ground for the Master Race.

Meinertzhagen, despite his name, was an English country gent, son of a merchant banker with large estates in Hampshire, nephew of Beatrice Webb, a Harrow boy whose ambition was to study zoology at Cambridge. Regarded as the black sheep of a large family, he was enrolled as a stockbroker – an occupation he rejected in favour of service with the King's African Rifles. He died, less than 20 years ago, at the age of 89, a renowned ornithologist, after a distinguished record in the First World War, a fighting intelligence officer, recommended for the V.C. Yet, by his own testimony, as a 24-year-old captain charged with the imposition of the Pax Britannica on our East Africa Protectorate, he executed atrocities which in any History of the Modern World not written by Paul Johnson could be equated with Oradour and Lidice. His own trigger finger never hesitated whenever a wild animal or an unruly black appeared in his sights.

Are we today to accept, by double-think, that a village of grass huts burned to the ground was somehow not as real as a French town, or that natives in Africa dispatched by the hundred were not as much martyrs as Poles or Greeks? In his first year, Meinertzhagen was ordered to avenge the murder of a white settler, admittedly a crime carried out with almost incredible barbarism since the victim was pegged down, and died by drowning after all the inhabitants had urinated in his mouth. But the mathematics of vengeance exceeded even the wrath of Jehovah throughout the area – 'I gave orders that every living thing, except children, should be killed without mercy', he records, 'every soul was either shot or bayoneted.'

Fifty years later, he admitted to 'an unashamed blood-lust' and re-affirmed that even in old age 'I have no belief in the sanctity of human life'. The diary is studded with entries like 'the people of Embo have not been sufficently hammered . . . we killed about 760 niggers'. Even his discipline of his own black troops is enforced by instant death at his own hands with no fussing about legal process or courts-martial: 'I shot the man dead and then his companion and am satisfied I acted rightly,' he notes on one occasion. 'What I did is contrary to military law and therefore illegal. I shall not report it.' Meinertzhagen rarely doubts the right of Europeans to take over the countries of other peoples, though he has misgivings about the future of white settlement as practical policy – 'when medicine men are replaced by political agitators,' he warns, 'there will be a general rising.'

On a return there, in 1956, Meinertzhagen finds himself introduced to a young black chief as 'the man who killed your grandfather'. He mutters an apology about the needs of war and is surprised to receive a round of applause. It is hard to believe a new generation in Oradour, Lidice or Warsaw would be so generous.

IS IT FAIR then to categorise Meinertzhagen and his fellows as at least premature semi-Fascists? Certainly, his beliefs and practice fit sometimes very closely to the pattern established by Paul Wilkinson in **The New Fascists** (Pan, £2.50) – jingo patriotism, automatic racism, obedience to the state, suspicion of democracy, a mystique of violence, confidence in the destiny of an elite. Meinertzhagen is obsessed with teaching lower orders a lesson – even to shooting down with a barrage of rifle fire a herd of baboons, one of which had attacked his pet dog. ('We killed every full-grown male and I was pleased.') And it seems to me that in this fascinating, scholarly survey of the ultra-right in the 1980s, Professor Wilkinson is sometimes too academically pedantic about the dividing line between reactionaries who pay lip-service to democracy, and avoid the trappings of uniforms, banners and symbols, and those who openly follow the methods of Nazism.

Hitler, after all, did not look like 'Hitler'. And the new Leader will not ride a white horse, though I wouldn't be sure about a polo pony. Wilkinson's book is an invaluable guide to those Fascists we can see, rather than to the invisible forces that may yet operate them like glove puppets. And it is salutary to be reminded that most of today's terrorism, pictured by the media as emanating from the ultra-left, still operates in defence of a capitalist status quo (or status quid) under cover of protecting civilisation against Bolshevism. This revised edition takes in the Christan Phalange in Lebanon, the revived Peronistas in Argentina and South African Nationalists, as well as the groups behind the Bologna station bombing, the P2 conspiracy which riddles the Italian state apparatus, the attempted seizure of the Spanish parliament and the provocation to riot in Brixton and Southall.

A useful companion work, since the popular imagination has lately been brainwashed into believing pre-war Britain was controlled by Soviet agents and Stalinist toadies, is Richard Griffith's **Fellow Travellers of the Right** (Oxford, £3.95), which analyses in often funny, devastating and alarming detail the activities of British enthusiasts for Nazi Germany between 1933 and 1939. Too many of us have forgotten, if we ever knew, how widespread, respectable and powerfully-backed was not just the appeasement of Hitler in the West but the wish to involve him in the East, as the champion of religion, decency and all the schoolbook virtues, to nip in the bud a home-grown revolution that never had a chance. A massive propaganda movement pictured Britain, in the song the Mosleyites used to sing, as 'Land of Dope and Jewry', a place of unemployed 'louts and hooligans and wastrels, sinister or feckless toughs or softies', compared to a Germany where, in Beverley Nichols's words, 'there is so much that is beautiful, so much that is fine and great'. Magazines ran features on 'Hitler at Home', showing his fondness for children and animals. When Ribbentrop was appointed Ambassador, *Punch* had a cartoon of John Bull saying to the Foreign Secretary – 'Oh, I know him; show him in, Eden. Hope he's come to stay.'

Red Fascism is a cant phrase now being insinuated back into fashion by right-wing polemicists who pretend their ideological ancestors never flirted with, and would not have married if they could, the German version. An excellent antidote is **Comrade and Lover** (published by Pluto Press two years ago at £3.95), a magnificent collection of Rosa Luxemburg's letters to Leo Jogiches. She was the Polish revolutionary for whom socialism never lost its human face, famed and honoured for her rebuke of Lenin in the very first days of the Revolution for his slide towards dictatorship, and her declaration, 'Freedom is always freedom for the one who thinks differently'.

These are highly personal, often shockingly intimate, love letters between a couple who put mankind before themselves, quarrelling, joking, hectoring and whispering, trying to preserve equality in a relationship that was continually threatened by separation through exile and imprisonment, shortage of money, the temptation of fame and success, and work for the cause. Of all these books, each of which contains potent lessons and messages for today, *Comrade and Lover* is the one that seems to carry on being written as you read, a true romance of modern politics. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Miner's Life

DAVID DOUGLASS and JOEL KRIEGER *Routledge* £4.50

David Douglass is a miner and NUM representative; Joel Krieger is a lecturer in politics in the USA. Between them they have produced an uneven sort of book, in which political analysis and technical detail are mixed, but not thoroughly enough for the lay reader, with anecdotes from experience and hard facts about the miners' lot.

They are concerned to shatter the NCB's preferred image of the 'colliery' (as opposed to 'pit') as some sort of sleek, efficient and reasonably safe underground factory. In fact, conditions down many pits are little different from in the days of D. H. Lawrence's father or Conan Doyle, and the best mechanised intentions of the NCB are foiled by the very nature of the job. Geology invariably wins so deep under the earth; the new machinery tends to create as many problems as it solves.

Pressure is always on the men to produce, no matter what the conditions of production, which vary enormously from pit to pit. The unfairness of the piece-work system, under which men are paid according to the amount of coal they dig out, is rightly stressed by Douglass and Krieger here, as is the absurdity of stopping a man's wages from the moment that he is injured and unable to work – he isn't even paid the full wage for the shift in which he received the injury – and the blatant exploitation of his wages starting when he goes down the pit, finishing when he comes up. The time it takes him to get ready, collect his lamp, and wait for the cage isn't paid for, nor the time it takes him to come up, have his bath, and get dressed again. Safety often takes second place to productivity.

As Douglass and Krieger point out, the miners still have a long battle ahead of them if they're to have justice in the form of fair wages, adequate compensation for injuries, proper recognition in the earliest stages of the debilitating and deadly effects of pneumoconiosis and adequate compensation for this, and a more intelligent regard for safety factors in what can never be anything better than the most dangerous job men do.

Anne Smith

And We Shall Shock Them

DAVID FRASER *Hodder* £12.95

In this account of the exploits of the exclusively British land forces in the 1939-1945 war David Fraser proves himself a very talented literary tactician indeed. For him, as for Macaulay, the short sentence is the thing. He eschews the parenthesis and shuns the subordinate clause. His descriptions are as picturesque as his verdicts are unsparing: 'The desert at decisive moments looked like a caravan site struck by lightning.' 'Montgomery was a better general than an autobiographer.'

Whether his strategy is as sound as his tactics, whether in fact we still need to be reminded of a war whose literature would stretch from Kohima to Imphal, readers must decide for themselves. The author himself is in no doubt. He comes not to glamorise military adventures but to deplore our habitual unpreparedness for them. Of arms and, by inference, the ban he sings. He agrees with the Great Duke that if we do not have an army to meet the enemy abroad then we must expect to meet him at home. And to come off second best. He devotes more than half of his *tour d'horizon* to that melancholy succession of defeats which lasted well into 1942.

He now promises us a novel to be called *August 1988*. It will be interesting to see, not only if he is as dab a hand at dialogue as he is at narrative, but whether he considers that we shall be as psychologically unprepared for any future large scale conflict as we were in 1914 and in 1939.

Bruce Hepburn

The Brothers Singer

CLIVE SINCLAIR *Allison & Busby* £8.95

Ostensibly, Clive Sinclair has written 'about literary relationships' between the brothers of his title: Noble laureate Isaac Bashevis and the older, now-neglected Israel Joshua, who died young in 1944. In fact, this short book only partly conforms to his description and is least successful where closest to doing so: in the somewhat disorganised third section (of four), which sets Joshua's masterpiece, *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, an American best-seller in 1936, alongside Bashevis's *The Manor* and *The Estate*.

Here and elsewhere, Sinclair compares the brothers' treatment of similar themes and outlines the younger man's personal and artistic indebtedness to the older: Bashevis followed Joshua to America from Poland, obtaining literary preferment through the family connection, and certainly echoes Joshua in some of his writing. But the main thrust of the book – and it is hard to believe that this was not the real intention all along – is to rescue Joshua from the large shadow of Bashevis's reputation. For the last 20 years of his life, Joshua was a substantial figure in the small (now minute) pond of Yiddish literature, entirely dwarfing his little-known, little-published brother. Today, the opposite applies; of Joshua's books, indeed, only *The Brothers Ashkenazi* is currently in print over here. In redress, Joshua receives the lion's share of Sinclair's attention.

Less than a biography, less than a thoroughgoing critical study, *The Brothers Singer* works best as literary propaganda. If nothing else, Sinclair has convinced at least one reader that Joshua's work – the political novels, *East of Eden* and *The Brothers Carnovsy*, in particular – might repay perusal. A second posthumous beneficiary is the brothers' neurotic sister, Esther, also a writer, who was unflatteringly portrayed in their memoirs. Sinclair has located an English translation (*Deborah*) of her autobiographical novel, *Der Szejdym Tanc*, which facilitates an account of childhood in the Singer household more sympathetic to her. What's more, at his instigation, Virago has now republished the book. Forgotten authors could use more champions like Clive Sinclair.

David Montrose

Oscar Romero: Bishop and Martyr

JAMES R. BROCKMAN *Sheed & Ward* £7.50

On March 1980 Romero said mass in the capital of El Salvador. The gospel for that day included Jesus's words, 'Unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains only a grain. But if it dies, it bears much fruit.' As the archbishop finished his homily, an unknown assassin fired at him. Five minutes later Oscar Romero died in a nearby hospital.

This detailed biography traces the reluctant but steady progress of Romero towards political danger. In February 1977 the future archbishop had cautiously observed, 'We must keep to the centre, watchfully, in the traditional way, but seeking justice.' But he warned the government not to consider a priest who does take a stand on social justice to be a politician or a subversive. After the unpunished murders of priests, laymen and women, campesinos and their wives and children, he himself was in trouble with the authorities for publicly criticising 'judges who sell themselves' and for attacking the violation of human rights. The day after his death, the conference of the Salvadoran bishops stated that 'hundreds of deaths, including those of six priests', had preceded the archbishop's, 'in a context of violence that reaches the limits of madness.'

Of necessity, James Brockman has had to conceal the identity of many of his informants, but his account is obviously trustworthy. He dedicates this moving book to 'all those who have given their lives for the gospel in El Salvador'. It leaves me with a question. Oscar Romero used to say, 'It is my lot to gather up the trampled, the dead, and all that the persecution of the church leaves behind.' Should it not be the function of the church to stand up for any persecuted or trampled person, whether Christian or not?

James Bentley

Gender and Schooling

MICHELLE STANWORTH *Hutchinson with the Explorations in Feminism Collective* £1.95

Most self-respecting educationalists will now readily acknowledge that girls emerge from our schools with the implicit understanding that the world is a man's world. Michelle Stanworth is an experienced teacher in further education and her book asks what part teachers play in this process and how they can transform the impact of schooling on gender divisions.

She goes over familiar ground, describing the sexual distribution of educational attainment, aspiration and teachers' preference for boys in mixed classes. But she adds a refreshing analysis too often lacking in recent books about sexism in schools, stressing the importance of locating the place of education in society and the way it acts as 'a vehicle for the reproduction of patterns of subordination and domination which characterise our society'.

Michelle Stanworth's empirical research does not focus on achievement per se, but on the more subtle aspects of gender divisions. She asks teachers which pupils they feel most attached to, their initial impressions and their predictions of what pupils might be doing in two and five years time. Marriage cropped up in teachers' predictions of boys' futures only once (in the case of a pupil who was academically weak). By contrast, the occupations predicted for girls seldom ranged beyond the stereotype of secretary, nurse or teacher, with marriage and parenthood figuring prominently. There is a tendency for teachers to be more attuned to dissimilarity between the sexes than to qualities which boys and girls may have in common. So what can be done to change the status quo? Despite the author's proposition in the foreword that gender inequality is not merely of 'theoretical' concern but something we must struggle against, her suggestions for intervention have a hollow ring to them. Firstly, teachers must consciously decide to channel more attention to girls in schools; secondly, they need to work with boys on the meaning of their masculinity and on the effects of their behaviour on girls and thirdly, it might still be necessary to make a space for girls-only groups within mixed schools. Boys will be boys after all.

Helen Baehr

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART
John Spurling

Breaking it up

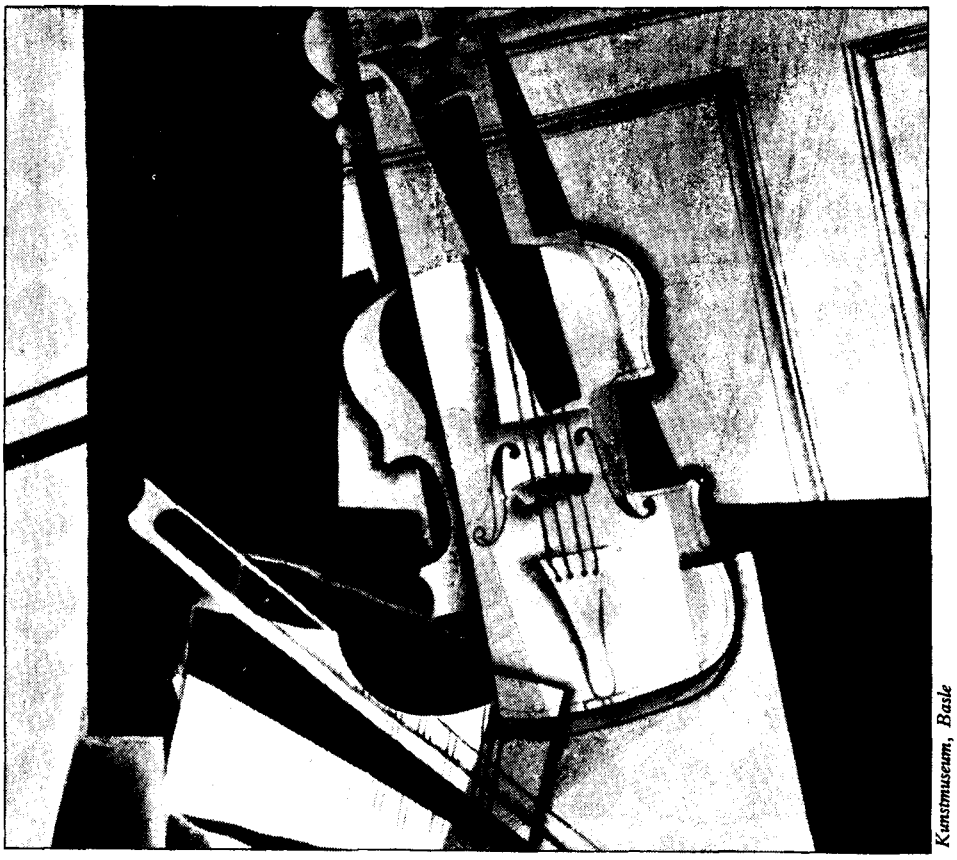
The Essential Cubism 1907-1920
Tate

The story of Douglas Cooper and the Tate would make a splendid subject for a Japanese samurai film. It is a story of powerful passions, intrigue, factions, courtiers, loyalties, betrayals and even outright violence: on 2 November 1954, at a reception near Hyde Park Corner, Sir John Rothenstein, then Director of the Tate, driven beyond endurance (according to his memoirs) by Cooper's following him from room to room shouting taunts, at last stood his ground and punched the man on the jaw. If one tends to side with Cooper it is not on personal grounds but because, aesthetically and art-historically, he was right. The Tate's purchasing policy has always been more or less execrable – you only have to look about you on your way to the present exhibition to see how consistent it remains with its shameful past – and what can an outsider do but follow the Director around shouting taunts?

However, so far as the Cooper story is concerned, the incumbent Director, Alan Bowness, has made obeisance and, in retrospectively accepting the insults offered to his predecessor, has brought off a triumph which must be the envy of every gallery in the world. *The Essential Cubism* is an arrogant title, but wholly justified. Anyone wishing to understand what Cubism was and is must see the show assembled by Cooper and Gary Tinterow and read their outstandingly lucid and well-organised catalogue, which, if it were not obviously so expensive to produce, ought to be the model for all catalogues to come. Such an opportunity will not occur again; the exhibition is not even going on anywhere after the Tate.

The story of Cubism itself is Roman more than Japanese, though the parallels with the Civil War after Caesar's death are not quite exact. Cézanne, after all, was not murdered by Matisse and Derain who, as much as Picasso and Braque, aspired to be his heirs and continue his artistic revolution rather than, like Brutus and Cicero, to restore the traditional power-structure. Braque, though, resembled Mark Antony in his loyal lieutenancy to Cézanne/Caesar and Picasso was certainly every inch the crafty, resolute and phenomenally successful Octavius, finally dislodging both the old and the rival heirs to the new and establishing himself as the indisputable and long-lived Augustus of 20th-century art.

The scene is wonderfully set and the protagonists' characters established in the first room of this exhibition. Here is Braque building in his rich, warm, painterly manner



Kunstmuseum, Basle

***Violin and Bow* by Juan Gris, 1916**

on Cézanne's volumetric treatment of landscape, discarding his own immediately previous phase of garish Fauvism (which Matisse and Derain had already discarded a year or so before) for the ochres and viridians of Cézanne's native Provence. Here is one of the very paintings of which the critic Louis Vauxcelles wrote that Braque reduced 'everything . . . to geometric outlines, to cubēs', picking up a belittling remark ('little cubes') supposed to have been uttered by Matisse (he later denied it) as a member of the jury rejecting Braque's work submitted for the 1908 Salon d'Automne. Here too is one of Braque's rare figure-paintings, the 'Standing Female Nude' of 1907-8, brown, buxom and curvaceous against a red ground in the manner of Matisse's 'Blue Nude' of early 1907 (almost every month counts in these few years of close contest), which was itself in the manner of Cézanne's 'Bathers'.

Across the room, meanwhile, Picasso's glove flung down for the great post-Cézanne 'Nude Tournament' – angular, sharply outlined, pale yellow on blue with flakes of green and red, the head an African mask – also his own staring-eyed, neo-primitive portrait, also his dark green, exotic 'Landscape', owing more to the naive imagined tropics of Henri Rousseau than to Cézanne. Picasso, it is clear, is quite as much concerned to obliterate his own rather decadent past – the 'Blue' and 'Rose' periods – and to come on harsh and strong, as to pick up any particular mantle dropped by Cézanne.

In the second room comes the crunch. Braque's treatment of landscape grows steadily more cubic, as the constructional exigencies of the painting more and more outweigh the reality of the original motif. Cézanne's revolution is brought to its logical conclusion: where Impressionism made everything, even what was solid, look fluid and fleeting, Braque's Cézannism makes even what is fluid and fleeting – water, sky, foliage – look solid. But over there on the opposite wall, swift as thought, Picasso makes his decision: we go forward together. No more African masks – or only cubic reminiscences of them – no more Rousseauesque naivety, no more worries about what Matisse and Derain might be up to. Yet there is still a distinct difference between the duumvirs: Braque is primarily a landscapist, Picasso a figure-painter.

In the third room the difference is resolved. A figure, as Cézanne demonstrated in his late paintings of his gardener, can become a kind of landscape, a landscape, as Cézanne also demonstrated when he kept himself occupied indoors during the winter, can be discovered in a still-life. So, reducing their colours to brown and grey, concentrating on what was nearest to hand in the café or studio – a musical instrument, a table, glass, pipe, bottle, person – Braque the former landscapist and Picasso the former figure-painter merged themselves as nearly as possible into a single still-life painter. 'Two mountaineers roped together', as Braque said, they piled up their highly intellectualised bric-à-brac from café and studio to look like flattened, faceted mountains, though they were mountains which, observed closely, revealed their original components and played sly, witty tricks with perception and pictorial convention.

But these paintings were more than games and puzzles. Ideologically they were a radical *coup d'état*, asserting the artist's power not just to represent or even to sty-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lise, distort and heighten as the various post-Impressionists had done, but to blow the objective world entirely apart and re-assemble its fragments at will in two dimensions. The dust from the Cubist explosion is still falling, the violence done to traditional notions of what a work of art can or should be is still causing pain to the general public, even though the duumvirs themselves, once the revolution was accomplished, drifted apart and set about re-establishing many of the old appearances.

Of course the reduction of colour and the corresponding dominance of line in this 'analytical' phase of Cubism showed that in sinking their differences Picasso had sunk slightly less than Braque, but Braque was no acquiescent partner. As he had been first over the ledge to Cubism, so he was the first to use words and figures among his other still-life components. Picasso followed like a shadow and then, in May 1912, stole ahead, incorporating a piece of printed oil-cloth representing chair-caning into a painted still-life on an oval canvas and framing the whole with real rope – a kind of triple-take. Three months later, when both men were staying near Avignon but Picasso was away for a week in Paris, Braque went into carefully planned action with charcoal, paste and some pieces of printed paper – the first *papier collé*, 'Fruit-Dish and Glass'. Imagine Picasso's return! What may have been his immediate response is also in the exhibition: 'Guitar, Sheet-music and Glass', including a fragment of newspaper with the headline '*LA BATAILLE S'EST ENGAGEE*'.

The battle of the *papiers collés*, constituting the second or 'synthetic' phase of Cubism, continued until 1914, when Braque was called up to fight in real battles (he was severely wounded a year later) while the non-combatant Spaniards, Picasso and Juan Gris, continued the revolution, which had run its course by the end of the war. Gris, more accessible and less rigorous than either Braque or Picasso at this time, is the third man of Cooper's *Essential Cubism*, Léger the fourth, with the sculptors Laurens and Lipchitz as optional extras. But Cooper admits an outer group of camp-followers (Metzinger, Gleizes etc.) only on sufferance, examples of how not to be a true Cubist – for, as Gris remarked, 'Cubism is not a manner but an aesthetic: it is a state of mind'.

And that, of course, if we return from our Roman story to our Japanese, is the basis of any serious critic's case against the Tate, that it buys objects for their manner instead of for the state of mind that made them. The Cooper saga ends in present reconciliation and success for both parties, but unfortunately the Tate has not learnt from its failure to recognise Cubism at a time when many cardinal works were still readily available. Or rather it has learnt the wrong lesson: not to miss any fresh movement or would-be innovation that stirs, in case it should be the important one. But neither works of art nor revolutions can be judged by their pretensions; and that – hidden in the uncompromising title of his show, as limbs and moustaches are hidden in Cubist paintings – is Douglas Cooper's message to his contrite hosts. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

In digs

The Communication Cord
BRIAN FRIEL *Hampstead*
West
STEVEN BERKOFF *Warehouse*

Many, perhaps most, of Brian Friel's plays are the theatrical equivalents of archaeological digs. Indeed, one of them, *Volunteers*, actually shows a group of republican prisoners in Ulster excavating a Viking grave before returning to jail, there to be killed by their comrades for collaborating with the academic establishment. Elsewhere, though, the spadework is less literal than that. Sometimes personal histories, memories, old dreams, faded hopes are disinterred and painstakingly assessed for their meaning, value and precise relationship to what's usually a pretty bleak present. Hence work as diverse as *The Loves of Cass Maguire*, in which an old woman retreats into her confused recollected past, *Faith Healer*, about the tawdry yet oddly exhilarating life and death of an itinerant layer-on-of-hands, and *Lovers*, a post-mortem on a young couple accidentally drowned. And sometimes it's Ireland itself that is exposed to scientific scrutiny. Hence, above all, Friel's *Translations*, which showed the destruction of a 19th-century village and its culture by British imperialism in both its military and linguistic forms.

That village was called Ballybeg, and it makes a wryly conceived reappearance in the contemporary world of **The Communication Cord.** One cottage evidently escaped the predations of the English soldiery 150 years ago, or, at least, one has been restored in the correct period style down to a chain on the wall for the tenant's cow. But the family whose home it once was has been reduced to one sly, ingratiating busybody enviously contemplating its charms from some lesser dwelling nearby. The place itself now belongs to a laid-back Dublin lawyer and Lothario. Such, it seems, is the legacy of all the suffering we saw in *Translations:* a cosy hideaway and honeypot, useful for weekend amours; a cutely thatched souvenir, coveted by the German who lives in a caravan down the road and sentimentalised by the smooth senator from the capital who drops by on his way to a beanfeast in Sligo. 'This is where we came from, this is our first cathedral, this shaped all our souls': in its owner's mouth, the plain truth dwindles to a blind of estate-agent rhetoric, tourist-guide jargon and metropolitan sneer.

This makes it sound a pretty serious play, and so in some ways it is, all appearances to the contrary. A fundamentally melancholy writer, which is what his constant chronicling of the punishments endured by those with imagination, aspirations or the mere will to live has shown Friel to be, doesn't become less so just because he decides to don a conical hat, baggy trousers and a red nose. All the same, this does raise another question, which is whether a clown's costume really suits Brian Friel's voice, temperament and soul; and the answer, I fear, is that no, it doesn't. *Communication Cord* is, astonishingly, a farce, and, less astonishingly, not a very good one. It is a genre whose cause-and-effect must be logical, whose logic seamless; and yet right from the start Friel has us, or at least me, blinking in disbelief. Is it really probable that a friend of the lawyer, a junior lecturer in linguistics, would borrow the cottage for an hour in order to pretend to the visiting senator that he's its owner, thus winning his admiration, his daughter in marriage, and his influence in getting security of tenure at the university? Wouldn't the old snob be bound sooner or later to unscramble the ruse and put paid to all the young man's hopes?

Oh well, perhaps that's pedantic. Certainly Stephen Rea, Brian Protheroe and T. P. McKenna, playing linguist, lawyer and senator respectively, bring enough energy and satiric guile to their performances to disarm severity. Yet the accumulating fibs, misunderstandings, perils and embarrassments – stray girl-friends, the harmless German passed off as a wife-batterer, the nosy neighbour as an expert motor-cyclist – don't generate the looked-for quota of laughter, perhaps because many of them seem calculated and strained, perhaps also because of a confusion of aims on the author's part. To be sure, his determination to write a farce sometimes blends nicely with his desire to make it meaningful, notably when the senator, rhapsodising over his peasant ancestry, traps his neck in the cow-chain and is left looking and sounding like what he is, a mean-tempered old brute. You can sense and share Friel's delight at the humiliation of this pompous and dishonest squanderer of heritages. But the ending, in which the wooden column precariously pinning up the roof gets accidentally shoved aside, is rather more typical of the evening: too obviously prepared for, too predictable; too calamitous to be comical, too comical to be calamitous; neither the rousing climax to a good laugh-in, nor an effective metaphor for the spiritual collapse of Ireland.

Steven Berkoff's **West,** like his *East*, translates low-life London into mock-heroic, juxtaposing snippets from *Richard III*, *Henry V* and what-have-you with references to Chinese takeaways and Mecca dancing, as well as with phrases like 'on your tod' and 'well and truly choked'. The purpose is, I suppose, to show the small-time squalor behind the big-mouth swagger of the characters, a gang of hooligans from Stamford Hill in blood-feud with their counterparts from Hoxton; and in some ways it is successfully enough achieved. Though the stage is all but bare, Berkoff's stinging fustian enables us to imagine his landscape of dismal streets, grotty caffs and dreary front-parlours, not to mention the alienation of his hero, an Arthurian romantic who rejects the drab job-prospects offered him by his parents for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glory of single combat with 'The Beast of Hoxton' and, so it seems, a career in professional thuggery. Several interesting points are made in passing, principally that violence has an erotic fascination for both perpetrator and victim: 'When two tearaways decide to inflict some grievous bodily harm upon each other's forms, they might be making love.'

But beside the concentrated spleen of Berkoff's recent *Decadence*, the play does seem rather discursive and repetitive; and beside almost everything else he has tackled, it is visually unambitious. Only when the Hoxton hoodlums flaunt and prink around in their cloth caps with an angular thrust of knees and elbows do we feel that as much attention is being given to our eyes as to our ears. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Back tracks

I THOUGHT pleasure was over for the week when **Bilko** (BBC-1) came to an end on Monday night. I went out to a party and got rather a shock to find Bilko still on when I woke up the next evening. If 'carphology' means delirious fumbling with bedclothes, what is the word for delirious fumbling with the *Radio Times?* Once I had made sure a week hadn't passed in my absence, I wondered whether we might look forward to more of this sensitive programming. A week of *The Munsters?* A whole night of *Studio?* A complete holiday from all 'news', 'sport', 'current affairs' and 'wildlife' programmes?

What am I saying. Without such rest and recreation periods I'd be stuck in the pillory for the rest of my life, pelted with easy-to-understand party-politics by the pointsome Brian Walden, jeered at by Jack Simpkins' bumper crop of spring vegetables on *Gardener's World*, totally ignored, as usual, by *Newsnight's* thrilling Linda Alexander.

'If you can go through the pain barrier', said Arnold Schwarzenegger in **Pumping Iron** (C4), 'you can make it to a champion. Pumping weights is better than sex. When the blood rushes into a muscle, using up all the oxygen, it's like coming. Look at me, I'm coming all the time. Think how happy I must be!' I suppose pumping buttons in search of non-sporting activity over the Bank Holiday was better than watching television, but I was only happy when I came upon the cultural oasis of Tommy Cooper giggling, 'It's in the *Expriss*. In the *ExPRISS!*'

We don't see much of this genius any more, so we have to make do with the estimable Les Dawson, who took us back to his **Comic Roots** (BBC-2) last Friday. In fact, Les's roots aren't all that comic. We visited Collyhurst, a suburb of Manchester and a recent victim of architectural self-expression. We seemed to have got there about a week too late. Smoke was rising over Les's demolished childhood. 'We used to sit on them steps', he said sadly. 'We never went to church because we couldn't afford buttons. We had the wireless though. I'll never forget the old battery. We used to leave it in front of the oven to bring it back to life, then top it up with Lucozade.'

The escape route from Collyhurst was boxing. Dawson's family were all in the game. 'Me dad used to put the shot. He was in line for the Olympics till they found out where he was putting it.' Les is famed for his old mill-girl impressions, mouthing to beat the racket, head in a cloth. It seems everyone in Collyhurst learned to lip-read at the mill, so no one's secret was safe in the saloon bar.

Les went to visit these ladies. One of them remembered fines for mistakes on the looms. 'Of course, there was no holidays. Half day to the coast.' Later we met some Blackpool landladies, then Les dressed up as one: 'We've got some acrobats in from Rochdale. They'll have to go. They're striking matches on the walls.' I didn't get that one, but you had to laugh. 'Don't let the cat out,' he called, 'he blanches the lupins.' Dawson's old girlfriend from 'Ragged School' days remembered, as from a dream, the archaic toilets: 'If the night-soil man hadn't emptied the petties you had to go on the railway line.'

It seemed like another century, but not as long ago, perhaps, as 1963, when, as Noel Edmunds reminded us in **The Time of Your Life** (BBC-1), there was still a colour bar operating in America. Studio guests to this time-trip included the Rev. Gurling, who had said in that year that people who wore jeans were 'liars, cheats and thieves'. Erroneous then, the reverend's fashion note may yet prove accurate. When he stood up he was revealed to be wearing faded Levis.

I didn't know Henry Cooper had a twin. I wonder does he ever dream that it was him who knocked out Ali in 1963. 'I was in the dressing room. I heard this roar. I thought "We've done it!" ' Alas, The Lip got up. Most affecting of visitants from the year when sexual intercourse began was the lovely Christine Keeler holding her head up high, I was glad to see. Her life has not been easy: 'I was a child then. I used to sleep with men for money when I was 17, but I'd stopped by the time I met Stephen. I was getting on with my modelling. But you know, everyone has a skeleton in the cupboard.' Was she tarnished? 'Oh, yes. People can't believe it was 20 years ago I did those things.' Poor Christine, I'm sure she'd be surprised how little ill people think of her. Rather the opposite, for she has nothing to be ashamed of but good looks and high spirits.

1963 may seem a long time ago to us in England, but in parts of America it has never gone away. It is a permanent state of mind, like paranoia or Christianity or, as for some of the people interviewed on Jonathan King's **Entertainment USA** (BBC-2), all three. 'Anything that doesn't glorify Christ', warned one neckless wonder, commenting on current music, 'has got to be evil.' Apparently people are still putting backward tracks on their albums over there and this devilish gizmo has made a lasting impression on the fragile minds of Middle America (which means *all* America).

'Art Linklater's daughter died through listening to backward messages on rock albums', said a stare-eyed Texan. 'From that she got into drugs and promiskitty.' He nodded like Stan Laurel. 'The following are words to describe a rock concert', said another jittery gent, consulting a list of words: 'Bedlam. Pandemonium. Obscene. Obnoxious. Chaos. Revolt.' I would concede that Jonathan King's Desperate Dan-style jeans answered to some of those charges, but *Styx?* Perhaps you have to put the video on fast-backward to perceive the wickedness. □

PHOTOGRAPHY
Peter Dormer

Left-wing lenses

THE GLAMOUR of struggle has attracted several fine artists and photographers to community politics. But the glamour is imaginary and acquired by sniffing too many adjectives: a phrase like 'massive and brutal attacks on the working class and the Left' can leave you too giddy to squeeze the shutter button. What's it really about then, photography and the Left?

Recent history first. The community arts and the arts centre movements took root in the early and middle 1970s; and in the same period the Sunday colour supplements were acting as an important outlet for social documentary reportage – photographers brought Asian and African wars to our eyes as well as inviting us to look at some of our own social sores.

The political photomontage was rediscovered and CARF's pointedly visual anti-racist newspaper rejected the option of 'large areas of grey rambling articles' and produced pages of hard hitting, graphically informative photomontages which, it is reputed, caused the paper to be sold in thousands on the streets. Examples of the work are reproduced in *Photography/Politics 1* (try the Arts Council Bookshop, 9 Long Acre, London WC2). But the familiar family rows within the group that published the paper vaused the lively visual approach to be jettisoned. More recently the work of Peter Kennard has given CND its visual bite – no article on CND is complete without its Kennard montage.

But the really important thing, as far as photography and the Left is concerned, was the start of *Camerawork* magazine in 1976. Until 1981 the magazine reliably fulfilled several functions, not the least being the publication of photographs and photomontages which made social or political comment or added, by demonstration, to articles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

analysing how photographs manipulate information and contribute to ideologies. This journal was one of the prime movers in making visual representation in the mass media a subject for serious attention.

At the same time other journals and photography groups were evolving and gradually stress was placed on the responsibilities of the photographer. There was much criticism of the more tiresome community artists who pursue without permission everything disadvantaged on two legs to add to their own *curricula vitae* of social commitment. There was and is encouragement given to people to take and develop pictures for themselves, for, as *Camerawork* remarked, 'The "I know how s/he took that picture" reaction to the news photograph is vital: breaking down the distance between what *I* can do with a camera and what *they* do is what demystification is about.'

Today it looks as if *Camerawork* is waving goodbye to photography to join the bob-a-comment fringe political journals. Which is a pity. There is a great need for journals like *Camerawork* to demonstrate how issues are presented and shaped visually.

There are other important 'small' photography magazines such as *Ten 8* which last year published an issue called 'Restrictive Practices' in which a series of photographic essays documented aspects of various institutions including a mental hospital and a public school. Characteristically, the magazine resisted the temptation to succumb to obvious clichés and concentrated on the meaning and possible interpretations of the photographs. In the article accompanying photographs by Raissa Page of a mental hospital, John Taylor, one of *Ten 8*'s editors, said that the photographer's task as a reporter was not to be the guardian of public morality but to try to show – and explain – what is.

Some of Raissa Page's pictures were published in one of the colour supplements. One picture showed a middle-aged woman sorting through a mountain of urine- and excreta-sodden sheets in the hospital laundry. The caption explained that the stench in the room caused a film crew to refuse to film in it. Nice comrade workers. I do not recall pictures such as Page's figuring in coverage of the health workers' dispute, which is perhaps surprising. Here we have an example of a photographer doing a photographer's proper work – making visible that which usually remains invisible – and yet there was no one around to connect such pictures with the mainstream media.

But then we are in a period when colour supplements are generally obsessed with consumer goods, beach wear, financial guides and videos while documentary photography is relegated to the small magazines or the pioneering and invaluable Photographers' Gallery (Great Newport Street, London) and similar venues. Documentary photography is becoming a marginal art – a protected species dependent upon Arts Council subsidies – except where it deals with the day-to-day diaries of baby Princes or the Falklands.

The new breed of community or 'committed' photographers have turned their backs on the media. The more radical among them reject the duplicity of crying on behalf of disadvantaged groups while in a sense still drooling over them as photo fodder. The interest now is in persuading people to take a part in presenting themselves rather than allowing the image of themselves to be dictated by others. The point is that being *the* working class, *the* mother of four in the damp council flat and therefore *the* object matter for community artists, photographers, salaried community workers and politicians is one thing but actually learning to do without society's professional mediators is another. In this sort of argument 'community photography' is regarded as a means to informal adult education, a pin-hole version of *Educating Rita*. Such is the aim of the newest workers with photography in the community. Heaven alone knows whether it will make any impact, but it presents an interesting challenge to the Arts Council, which will be asked more frequently to subsidise small groups whose work is not the production of sumptuous 10 x 8 prints but encouraging people to redress the balance of debate in society.

The new generation of radical photographers not only do not care about photography as art, they are often against it. I do not agree with always ditching aesthetic value in favour of political content or ideological intent but there are times when I could be easily persuaded to think otherwise. In the May issue of a camera magazine called *SLR* there is a 'prize winning' amateur photographer's picture called *One Man's Meat*. This picture, promoted as an example of excellence, shows a naked woman on a butcher's bench. On the side of the bench hangs a meat cleaver, on the floor there is a plastic bucket with two hands in it (dummy hands). Perhaps the picture is superbly ironic but I think not. Unfortunately this kind of sub-violent approach to amateur photography is the popular model. □

John Coleman is on holiday. Francis Wheen will review the new films next week.

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2770 **Set by P. Kay**

A *Times* writer recently recorded that Mrs Thatcher's government 'has certainly done more than any enthusiast for the post-industrial lifestyle to diminish the force of the work ethic and to change Britain from being a work-based society'. Now that we are to have a general election, can you help Mrs T with other achievements to persuade improbable minorities to vote Tory? Or, on the other hand, can you suggest similarly cock-eyed arguments with which Mr Foot might win over Tory voters? Up to 100 words, by 27 May.

No 2767 **Set by C. Fever**

One-upmanship for Foodies.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

A gastronomic delight. V. Ernest Cox provided a stupendous one-liner: 'Oh, knives and forks! How quaint.' Two helpings of oncers for him, four for each ploy printed below.

When dining at an up-market Italian restaurant, take along scissors and a magnifying glass. As the waiter serves the pasta, whip them out, snip off a portion, examine a cross-section under the glass, then give a curt nod of approval.

When in a restaurant with a gastronomically naive acquaintance whom you wish to intimidate, persuade him to order steak *tartare*; then look shocked and embarrassed when it appears.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

If offered the salt, decline, producing a personal pot. Try any of the following lines:
(a) 'Your salt was mined in Siberia by political prisoners.'
(b) 'I got this from *Gandhi* (or Gandhi).'
(c) 'This is the stuff you used to get in blue bags with Smith's crisps.'
(d) 'I don't share snuff either.'

It is a useful ploy to request any of the following in a restaurant: a spaghetti knife; a broccoli thermometer; a tomato spatula; a custard strainer; an abalone pick; a horseradish whisk; disposable finger bowls. Also practise a soft whistle for each item denied you.

WILL BELLENGER

'. . . . Just a few herbs, wheat berries and our own field beans, it's based on a reference in the Menna tomb papyri – not totally authentic but the soil analysis found the pH on the allotment identical to the Nile Delta's in 3000 BC, and the wheat stalks literally mop up the cholesterol . . .'

SUSANNA STEELE

'Mmmmm! When I taste these oysters I think of that marvellous poem by Seamus Heaney. Do you all know the one I mean?'

NICHOLAS MURRAY

'Good restaurants should never settle for packaged foods. Bottled wine, for instance – I won't have that. I always ask for a freshly squeezed riesling with no added sugar.'

JAMIE RICHARDSON

The correct way with trifle is to keep the teeth clenched while filling the mouth. By sucking the trifle through this dental barrier one can be assured of an easy, satisfying consistency.

N. J. WARBURTON

'Of course, serving roast swan *in the feathers* does entail extra effort, but the table effect justifies the expense of hiring the taxidermist's assistant.'

GEORGE MOOR

A primordial rule: whatever you are served, *enthuse about something else*. If given *ris de veau sauce Troisgros*, for example, dwell on the roughage value of soda bread. If the meal is simple, reminisce about a restaurant in Paris so opulent that clean cutlery is provided between each mouthful.

J. C. LAMB

'Julian found this Welsh cheese-maker who makes this Caerphilly. He has his own cows and the pastures are all open to the sea-breeze – there's just that little extra flavour from the sea-salt.'

JOHN SWEETMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

The print habit

IF I CAN choose how to die, I'll go with a book in my hand. Preferably anything by Gorky, but I suppose even a Barbara Cartland would do *in extremis* – certainly I'd be unwilling to linger then; but, pausing only to reassure my friends with a beatific 'Death, where is thy sting?', would plunge gratefully into the Unknown. I'm a print addict, you see, and there is literally no depth to which I would not sink in search of my fix. Why, I've even been known to read Auberon Waugh's column in the *Spectator* – and to read it again the same week in the *Sunday Telegraph* . . . But that was an exceptional circumstance, and I have promised myself that if I'm snow-bound in a Tory hotel in the Western Isles ever again, I shall eke out the letters to the *Oban Times* about Sabbath Day Observance like an Arctic explorer husbands his soup-cubes.

Books were never just an integral part of my life; they *were* my life as far back as I can remember. I took to them like the modern child takes to glue. Not long after I learned to read I acquired a go-cart (four pram wheels, a plank and a kipper-box), and in between earning my luxuries by transporting people's luggage from the railway station to their holiday digs, I walked the streets with my cart full of comics (mine) and paperbacks (my dad's) – wheeling and dealing, so to speak. I read all my comics – 40 or 50 – every night, and swapped them all again the next day. One of my best clients was a boy with Down's Syndrome who always dressed up as a cowboy. If there was a comic he specially wanted but had nothing to swap for, he would do me his party-turn, which was to stand perfectly rigid with his hands by his sides and slowly fall forward flat on his face. Our friendship continued over the years, and I can remember a couple of university friends being struck dumb one weekend at my house when this vision of the Old West turned up and demanded, 'Tell Anne George here swap comics eh?' I had of course made the transformation to books by then, but I was still a pushover for *Creepy Worlds*.

It was a wise move on the part of my parents to encourage us to read, when I think of it. I mean, can you imagine what it would be like with eight of us round the table all talking at once? For when we weren't reading, we did all tend to talk at once. It had its repercussions in later life though. The first meal I had in my digs in Edinburgh was one of the worst ordeals I've ever endured, sitting there watching all those people do nothing but eat and talk – it was as if I'd been forced to have a party sitting on the toilet with my knickers at my feet. I ate nothing. It took me weeks to convert my fellow-boarders to reading with their meals. I was down to a shadow before I'd found a book for every taste.

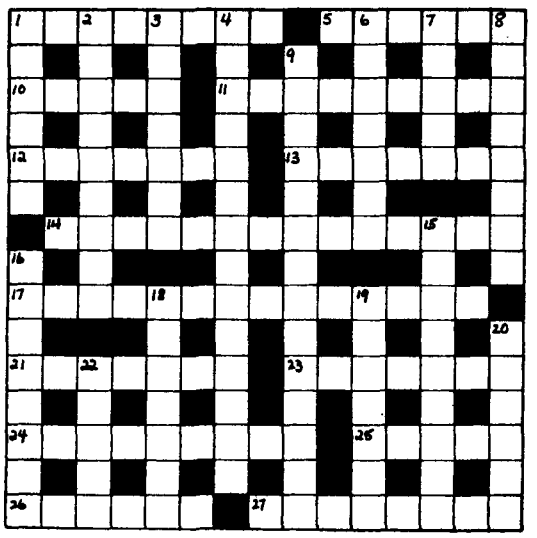
There was no censorship of our reading at home. Indeed, one of the first adult books I read was by the then notorious American pornographer Hank Jansen. The sexy bits didn't impress me, but I remember sneaking the book out of the house to treat my pals to their first printed experience of the word 'bloody'. They felt, as I did, that it somehow validated us. Our school dictionaries were heavily bowdlerised. When my father acquired a real dictionary as part of a swap, I spent a month of Sundays reading the *News of the World* with it in my lap, and on Mondays my pals would gather round eagerly for the results of my research.

The only children's books we had were fairy-tales. My nostalgic childhood memories do not include *Peter Rabbit* and I wonder what I'd have made of these anthropomorphic animals then. After all, we ate rabbits regularly – the laddies would go up to the woods on a Sunday and catch them, then walk round the streets selling them strung up by the feet to a branch. We killed mice and ate duck eggs too. I think I'd have been shocked by Beatrix Potter's animals with their middle-class lives, and utterly puzzled why she didn't write the same stories about human beings. The urge to realism is powerful, even grim, in the Scottish working-class child. It persists, too, in later generations. A few weeks ago I tried *Peter Rabbit* on my nieces, six and eight years old. The verdict was unanimous: 'What's a' this guff aboot a rabbit?'

Now I've started on it, I've discovered that the theme is virtually endless. I have measured out my life with library tickets. Perhaps I should write the book; it could give the notion of 'literary biography' a whole new lease of life. □

Weekend Crossword 1400

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1400, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 24 May.



Name

Address

ACROSS

1 Tell how one cries unhappily in a strange bed. (8)
5 In bed it makes the loud softer. (6)
10 Permit entry to a man returning after time. (5)
11 Travellers would be a long way off if the wise men were missing. (9)
12 Golfer who has a number of drinks abroad? (7)
13 Finished without me being altered. (7)
14 Loo British fans smashed up is in good order. (7,7)
17 It is not the king's shilling which keeps the company in time after a free medical. (7,7)
21 Metal with a different origin seen at the pithead. (7)
23 Cut out about a page to secure a reduction. (7)
24 Losing badly with nothing to follow one's turn for a call. (5,4)
25 About turn in the navy. (5)
26 One is in an unhappy way, being a pervert. (6)
27 Got up to be like a ship. (8)

DOWN

1 Shortage of money used on the land. (6)
2 Possessing what is fearful in a tiger. (9)
3 Tells about a film seen among birds. (7)
4 See capital is his. (6,2,6)
6 Articles in the van. (7)
7 Control for enemy leader in desert. (5)
8 One of those citizens who have their team in tears. (8)
9 Place of virtue with a movement in the spreading of peace. (4,2,4,4)
15 Warm corner although it could be looking north-east. (9)
16 The right reading matter for queer boys. (3,5)
18 I fume in writing to create images. (7)
19 Write up music for a god. (7)
20 Did not work in the fairest educational institution. (6)
22 Mantalini's life was a horrid one. (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1399

P	A	P	E	R	B	A	C	K	■	D	E	B	A	G
R	■	I	■	U	■	R	■	N	■	R	■	R	■	U
O	N	T	A	R	I	O	■	O	R	I	G	A	M	I
V	■	C	■	A	■	U	■	W	■	P	■	D	■	N
E	T	H	E	L	■	S	H	I	P	S	H	A	P	E
■	■	E	■	D	■	E	■	N	■	■	■	W	■	V
D	O	D	G	E	M	S	■	G	I	S	E	L	L	E
E	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	R
C	O	L	O	N	U	S	■	C	L	I	P	P	I	E
A	■	A	■	■	■	H	■	L	■	N	■	A	■	■
M	A	R	C	O	P	O	L	O	■	T	O	N	E	S
E	■	K	■	R	■	T	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	I
R	A	I	L	I	N	G	■	H	O	L	D	I	N	G
O	■	N	■	E	■	U	■	E	■	L	■	N	■	M
N	I	G	E	L	■	N	O	S	T	A	L	G	I	A

Prizewinners to 1399

M. Bouttell (London SW1)
D. Hunter Smith (Carlisle)
R. Clarke (Cambridge)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

CHILD POVERTY ACTION GROUP
Deputy Director

This challenging post will require the skills of a **Co-ordinator** and a **Campaigner**, plus an understanding of our policy concerns.

Salary: **£11,000 p.a.**

Job description from: **Claire Furlong, CPAG, 1 Macklin Street, London, WC2.** Sae appreciated.

Closing date **1 JUNE 1983**

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

WRITER/ RESEARCHER

to collate and complete a **Community Health Project Report**
for publication
8-10 weeks. Fee negotiable
Further details from:
Celia Pyke-Lees, Lewisham and North Southwark Community Health Council, 13 Catford Broadway, London SE6. Telephone: 01-690 8777

Closing date: **23 MAY 1983**

WANDSWORTH POLICING CAMPAIGN

The Wandsworth Policing Campaign wishes to appoint **TWO PART-TIME WOMEN WORKERS** to join a mixed collective of four part-time workers. The workers appointed will have to deal with all the work of the Campaign including, individual complaints against the police, initiating and developing campaigning work and monitoring police activity in the borough. They will also be expected to work specifically on issues of women and the police.

The posts are open to all applicants regardless of race and sexual orientation. Pay on local government scales **AP5 (£6693)** for 26¾ hours a week.
Closing date: **15 JULY 1983**

Information and application forms from:
Wandsworth Policing Campaign
248 Lavender Hill, London SW11

GMBATU HEAD OFFICE
THORNE HOUSE, RUXLEY RIDGE
CLAYGATE, ESHER
SURREY KT10 0TL
ESHER (0372) 62081

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Starting Salary £8,291
(increase pending)

GMBATU require a Research Assistant to provide briefings for Negotiating Officers and Shop Stewards on collective bargaining, industrial, economic and social developments.

Trade Union and industrial experience and/or qualifications in industrial relations would be a distinct advantage. Skills in report writing and a reasonable level of numeracy are essential.

An application form may be obtained from Personnel Department at the above address (Ext. 96)

Fellowship

CRICKLADE COLLEGE ANDOVER
Hampshire County Council
Arts Council Writer's Fellowship 1983/84

Applications are invited from authors of published fiction, non fiction or poetry for a fellowship attached to Cricklade College.

Cricklade is an all purpose tertiary college, catering for full and part time students (16-19) and adult studies in Andover and the surrounding area.

Remuneration **£7,750**

Initially the appointment would be for one year as from September 1983.

Further details obtainable from:

The Principal, Cricklade College, Charlton Road, Andover, SP10 1EJ (Tel Andover 63311).

Closing Date **27 MAY 1983**

Publications

BOOKS (new, secondhand, English, Foreign), magazines, records. Refreshments while you browse, 11-7 *daily including Sundays.* Book-world, Islington Green. Quote this ad for 10%.

MIDDLE EAST catalogues available. A. C. Hall, 30 *Staines Road, Twickenham* TW2 5AH.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Accommodation Vacant

LONDON FLAT available St John's Wood, NW8. Warm, modern, furnished, 1½ baths, 3 br. 10 minute walk American School (K-12). Tel: London: 01-586 2497, USA: 201 263 2534.

Accommodation Wanted

LONDON ROOM to let from 3 June to mid Sept? Cambridge Arts undergraduate (quiet, responsible, friendly, working male, non-smoker), seeks central *accommodation in artistic/intellectual home, could* pay about £16 p.w., negotiable. Would be willing to help with evening baby-sitting gratis. Sincere. Box 5965.

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews London W11

CLASSIFIED AD FORM

Private ads under 'Personal' cost £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words £3.20). All other ads £1.70 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.40). Box Nos. £2.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Classification required .....

No. of weeks required ..... Remittance enclosed .....

Remittance payable to New Statesman. Send to Classified Ads, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Deadline 1st post Tuesdays

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Secretarial

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

Holidays/Travel

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B, £60 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, Gwynedd LL27 0QA. Tel: (0492) 640 379.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

LONG DISTANCE flights with substantial savings. Tel: 01-388 4041 for 24 hour service.

MOBILE HOME, sleep 3, six miles from Canterbury, in delightful countryside. S.a.e. please for further details. Box 5934.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe Street, London E17. Tel: 01-520 7911.

WARM LUXURY cottage on beautiful organic farm. NS READERS ENQUIRE SPECIAL TERMS. Broadway 853320.

POTTERY HOLIDAYS

Learn the art of making pottery in the relaxed and friendly atmosphere of a country workshop. Tuition, good food and lots more to enjoy on our Residential Week and Weekend Courses for beginners or more experienced potters.

Details from: **THE POTTERY, White Roding, Dunmow, Essex Tel: (027 976) 386**

VENICE, VERONA, LAKE GARDA 28 May-6 June, 4-13 Sept. £135
Staying at Tignale sul Garda
Hotel supplies all breakfasts and dinners
INCLUDES Touring programme
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

LENINGRAD/MURMANSK BY TRAIN 13-25 August £195
Meet the reindeer herdsmen, see the midnight sun, on a 6,000-mile run by comfortable sleeper train
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
FULL BOARD AT ALL HOTELS
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG £90
19-26 June
INCLUDES full board and all travel
(HOSTEL ACCOMMODATION)
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

TILBURY/LENINGRAD CRUISE.....£275
INCLUDES TWO DAYS IN LENINGRAD HOTEL
14-27 AUGUST OUTSIDE CABINS
En route calls: Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo
FULL BOARD THROUGHOUT
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF FOUR
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE & KRAKOW, 31 July-10 August.....£180
Superb scenery in the TATRA MOUNTAINS
FULL BOARD AT HOTEL
INCLUDES fine sightseeing programme
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF FOUR
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

IRKUTSK AND LAKE BAIKAL
by train £280 12 June-1 July
INCLUDES full board at hotel, and fine sight-seeing programme
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 13 MAY

NORTHFIELD CND concert. Pieces from Villa-Lobos to the Beatles. 7.30pm, St Lawrence Pastoral Centre, Church Road. **Org W. Midlands CND.**

OXFORD Levellers Day '83, 8-10pm, Church House and Yard, Burford. Adm £2. **Org WEA Oxford Industrial Branch. Details: 0865-721277.**

13-21 MAY EALING Peace Week. Theme: Jobs not Bombs. **Details: David Bays 01-992 0287 (h)/01-235 1200 x 252 (w).**

SAT 14 MAY

LONDON 'British Labour and the Soviet Union'. Annual conf. Spkrs incl. am Prof John Saville, pm Ben Pimlott. 9.30-5.30pm Birkbeck College, Malet Street, WC1. **Org Society for the Study of Labour History.**

LONDON 'My Moscow Days': personal reminiscences of Moscow in the 1920s (memoirs of Lenin, Trotsky, Zinovief etc). Day seminar. 10.30-3.30pm Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, NW1. **Details: 01-387 2037.**

LONDON Sex and Class group day-school. Nira Yuval Davis and Floya Anthias on Race, Class and Gender; general discn on Andre Gorz's book *Farewell to the Working Class.* 11-4pm County Hall, SE1. All welcome.

LONDON Fabian Society seminar on a non-nuclear defence strategy. Spkrs incl Robin Cook, Denzil Davies, Bill Niven, Gwen Prins, Dan Smith, Uwe Stehr. Adm £3/Society members £2. Camden Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1. **Details 01-222 8677.**

LONDON Making jobs. Conf on new North London employment initiative. 10.30-4.30pm Poly of North London, Prince of Wales Road, NW5. Adm £3/unwaged 50p. **Details: CAITS 01-607 7079.**

LONDON 'The Jury today'. Day conf. Spkrs incl. Prof Michael Zander, George Carman QC, ULU, Malet Street, WC1. Fee £15. **Org Univ of London Dept of Extra-Mural Studies 01-636 8000 x 3875.**

LONDON Day conf 10-4pm. Film 'One Million Hiroshimas'; spkrs incl. Jonathan Dimbleby on 'The Media and the Bomb'; general election briefing. Adm £4/students £2. **Org Medical Association for Prevention of War. Details: Dr S. V. Hodgson, 40 Onslow Gardens, N10.**

RHONDDA Festival for Peace. Spkrs incl Ken Livingstone, Ann Clwyd, Mary Kaldor. Starts 2pm Penrhys Community Centre. Creche. **Org Rhondda CND. Details: Jim Evans 0443 434232.**

OXFORD 'New Thinking on Employment' conf. Spkrs incl Mike Rustin, Doreen Massey, Dave Elliott. Ruskin College. **Org SERA/Socialist Society. Details: 01-439 3749.**

EXETER 'Crusade against cruise'. Long distance march Lands End to CND festival in Exeter via Truro, Plymouth, etc. Adm £2 per day waged/£1 per day unwaged. **Org SW Region CND. Details: Stephen Huggett, Plymouth 268724.**

HEREFORD Peace March. Assemble 11am, Merton Meadow Carpark. **Org W. Midlands CND.**

STREATHAM Book & record sale 12-4pm St Leonards Church Hall, Tooting Bec Gardens, SW16. Adm 10p. Refreshments. **Org Streatham CND.**

MON 16 MAY

LONDON 'Women and American Publishing'. Spkr Joyce Johnson (USA). 7pm Freemasons Arms, Long Acre, WC1. All women welcome. **Org Women in Publishing.**

BIRMINGHAM Jobs not bombs. Spkr & discn on effects of arms spending on employment. 7.45pm 202 Slade Road, Erdington. **Org W. Midlands CND. Contact 021-356 8049.**

16 MAY-4 JUNE BATTERSEA Women's festival. Evg perfs of women's theatre, dance, cabaret, poetry & discns. Daytime workshops. Creche. Bridge Lane Theatre, Bridge Lane, SW11. **Details: Ann Cowie or Fay Blockley 01-288 8823/01-288 5185.**

BATTERSEA CND Monthly meeting. Spkr Dr Alice Stewart. 7.30pm Junction Resource Centre, 248 Lavender Hill, SW11. **Org Battersea CND. Details: Sue Jones 01-228 5144.**

WED 18 MAY

HAMPSTEAD 'Building the Peace: a personal and public art'. Spkrs: Martha Street (Greenham Common); Alexander Kirby (*Christian Action*); Stephan Pittan (Quaker Peace and Science Committee). 8pm Friends Meeting House, 120 Heath Street, NW3. Adm. free. **Org Camden CND.**

FORTHCOMING

20 May London Women and children outside marriage. One-day seminar on social, legal & economic aspects of births outside marriage. Camden Centre, Camden Town Hall, Bidborough Street, WC1. Adm £15 (incl lunch). Creche. **Org National Council for One Parent Families 01-267 1361.**

21 May London Women, Peace and the Third World. Workshops/discns. 10am Jacksons Lane Community Centre, N6 (Highgate tube). Creche. Women only. **Details: Sue Shaw 01-263 9922.**

21 May North London (N8) Preparation day-school for Upper Heyford blockade. 10-6pm. Adm £1/50p unwaged, incl evening social. Pls bring food for sharing. **Details: John Drane 01-281 0830. Org Hornsey CND.**

21 May London LCC Election Workshop: policies and campaigning for victory. 10.30-1pm, County Hall, SE1. Creche. **Details: 01-249 8276/01-471 1637.**

21 May London Labour Movement Campaign for Palestine: recalled First National Conf. 11-5pm County Hall, SE1. Open members & delegates from affiliated orgs. Membership £5/£1 unwaged; conf fee £2/£1 unwaged. Membership deadline 19 May. **Details: LCMP, c/o 28 Carlton Mansions, Holmleigh Road, N16.**

21 May Bristol Non-violent direct action training session in preparation for mixed blockade of USAF Upper Heyford on 2 June. 10am-4pm Albany Centre, Montpelier, Bristol 6. **Details: Bristol 662579.**

20-22 May Devon Westland Revel – weekend of folk, peace & workshops. Proceeds to Exeter CND. **Ticket details: 0392 59935.**

21 May Glasgow 'The Isms of Politics'. Day conf. 2-5pm Dept of Adult & Continuing Education, 57-61 Oakfield Avenue, Glasgow 12. Fee £2. **Details: 041-239 8855 x 394.**

23 May Kent Public meeting on 'civil defence' plus details of Bexley borough's war plans. Spkr Dr Michael Barnett (Scientists against nuclear war). 8pm Erith Town Hall, Walnut Tree Road, Erith. **Org Bexley CND. Details: Trevor Richardson 01-300 7317.**

24 May Brixton Public forum: Colin Roach – we want the truth! 7.30pm Lambeth Town Hall Spkrs incl Stoke Newington & Hackney Defence Campaign. **Org Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism!**

25 May London Open lecture: 'Towards the Demystification of Education'. Spkr Ngugi Wa Thiong'o. 6-8pm Elvin Hall (Level 1), Institute of Education, 20 Bedford Way, WC1. All welcome. **Org Centre for Multicultural Education.**

25 May London Second Fred Tonge Memorial Lecture – Ralph Miliband on Marxism and the Labour Movement. 8pm Douglas Hyde Hall, Irish Centre, Camden Square, NW1. **Org St Pancras CLP.**

25 May London Meeting: 'The New Challenge' Spkrs incl Lord Fenner Brockway, Prof Frank Barnaby, Michael Foot MP, the Bishop of Birmingham. 7.30pm Grand Committee Room, House of Commons, SW1. **Org World Disarmament Campaign 01-485 1067.**

28 May London Conference on women in Chile for women in Britain. Woman spkr from inside Chile. Workshops, social. Open delegates from TUs/political parties, women's orgs & indiv women. 11-5pm, County Hall. **Org Chile Solidarity Campaign. Details Diane Dixon 01-272 4298.**

30 May Scotland Torness Festival of Recreation. Music, theatre, stalls, food etc. 2-9pm Barnes Ness. Creche. **Org Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace 031-557 4283.**

18-19 June London Second summer seminar – an intensive training weekend for women working in the caring professions. Theme: 'Working with women – how can we apply psychodynamic theory'. **Closing date for applications 22 May. SAE to José Nicolson, Women's Therapy Centre, 6 Manor Gardens, N7.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THEATRE

BLOOMSBURY 01-387 9629
Gordon Street WC1
MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG
by Stephen Sondheim
Until 19 May. Nightly (incl. Sun.)
at 7.30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3pm

COMEDY 930 2578
SLEAMING
from Theatre Royal, Stratford
Neil Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion" Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

Join our **FREE** mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS, **THEATRE DESPATCH**, 31 Shelton St., WC2H 9HT

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. 01-828 8665. Monday 16 May for 19 Perfs (no perf. 23, 30 May) Evgs 8 p.m.
LIZA MINNELLI
cc 01-834 0253.
Opens 9 June at 7.30 p.m. for 10 Perfs. 10-19 June. Evngs at 8 p.m. (no perf. 13 June).
DEAN MARTIN
+ WALL STREET CRASH
cc 01-834 0253.
TOPOL
in
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Opens 28 June for 96 Perfs. Only. 01-834 6177.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' to 17 May & 3-4 June. "The RSC has a success to be proud of" D. Tel. 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' 18-19 May, 10-11 June. "A glorious feather in the RSC's cap" D. Mail. 'THE ROARING GIRL' by Middleton & Dekker 20-21 May, 1-2 June (seats avail.) "an enjoyable revival & thoroughly fascinating heroine" Gdn. THE PIT - few seats avail. 'THE BODY' by Nick Darke 20-21 May, 1-2 June.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) *'The Rivals', 'Lorenzaccio'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'A Map of the World', 'The Trojan War will not take Place', 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'One Woman Plays'* (not suitable for children) 'Macbeth', 'Beggar's Opera'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines), cc groups sales 01-379 6061. The Well's Stagecoach. Phone B.O. for details.
13 & 14 May eves 7.30, Sat. Mat. 2.30
CARACALLA DANCE – Oriental Taming of the Shrew. 17-21 May eves 7.30 **Laura Dean Dancers & Musicians.** See D. Press for prog. details.
'SPRING INTO DANCE'. Phone 01-278 0855 (24 hours) for details of amazing cheap ticket offers!

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wednesday 18 May, 7.30 p.m. Room Two, Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. Donald Roy on 'Economic Recovery and Beyond'. All welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE. Sunday talks on eastern thought and spirituality in London and Bourne End. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 50p. *Details:* Tel. 06285 26484.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 15 May 8 p.m. 'The Ladder of Evolution'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

TOM STOPPARD on 'The Event & The Text'. Shaw Society, Friday, 20 May, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7 p.m.

'WOMEN, PEACE and the *Third World'* Workshops discussion. 21 May. Jackson's Lane Community Centre (Highgate Tube). 10 a.m. Women only. Creche.

Conference

WORLD ECONOMY IN CRISIS

CSE 1983. The Conference of Socialist Economists annual conference. Themes include: ★New International Division of Labour ★ International Capital ★ Arms & Disarmament ★ Nation State ★ Energy & Raw Materials ★ Living Standards ★ Socialist Responses ★ Mass Unemployment. Creche. Ents.

9-11 July. Sheffield. Details: CSE, 25 Horsell Rd, London N5.

Seminar

HUMANITY'S EVOLUTIONARY further progress. 20/22 May Talks (Alice Bailey books). Tel: Tintern (0291 8) 253.

Seminar on

State and Politics in Islam

The Muslim Institute, London, is holding a seminar on *State and Politics in Islam* from August 3-6 at the University of London. Leading *ulama* and scholars have been invited. The seminar will examine Muslim political thought from original sources, the penetration of western ideas, and the impact of the Islamic Revolution. Inquiries from:

The Muslim Institute
6 Endsleigh Street
London WC1H 0DS

Exhibition

BRECHT EXHIBITION
Change the World it needs it
Exhibition of the Brecht Centre GDR
1-11 June
Promoted by Northampton Arts Centre at Deangate, Northampton
Study Weekend 3, 4, 5 June
Further details:
Arts Centre
College of Further Education
Booth Lane South
Northampton
0604 403322 ext. 218

Courses

PAINTING FROM THE INNER SELF. Unique 3 day and 1 week Art Workshops in luxurious Manor House, Kent. July and August. Teacher: Lady Jane Corey-Wright. 01-603 5914/07974 2556 (before 10 a.m. & after 6 p.m.).

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers a wide range of courses during 1983 in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are courses in the Italian language at all levels, the Italian Renaissance and Drawing. Magnificent library and study facilities. Accommodation arranged if required. Full details are contained in our 1983 prospectus available from
David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

LEARN GERMAN IN GERMANY
IN A TEACHERS COOP
-small and effective language classes-
-political and cultural meetings-
-informal and friendly atmosphere-
ZENTRUM FÜR DEUTSCHE
SPRACHE UND KULTUR E.V.
Sandweg 113, 6000 Frankfurt / M.
Tel. 0611-497433

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

GENERAL ELECTION JUNE 9

SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER

You have four more issues of the New Statesman in which to publicise your meeting, campaign, service, etc, before the General Election –

20 & 27 May and 3 & 10 June (on sale a day earlier for election)

To make is easier for you we will knock 15% off the cost of your ad if you book it in TWO of the above issues. 20% off if you take THREE or FOUR!

So use the New Statesman classified columns to the full in the limited time left to make your influence felt. **RING STEVE MITCHELL or LAURA BERRYMAN on 01-251 5487/8/9** NOW and reach over 180,000 receptive readers!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Personal

PLEASE NOTE!! The Fabian Society Meeting, 15 May, advertised in our 29 April issue is now CANCELLED.

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von Deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ANXIOUS ABOUT privacy? Mail received, personal or business, with total confidentiality. £1.50 p.w. 'Answer & Receive', 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11. 01-229 1888 (you can collect, or we can readdress by arrangement).

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, HETEROSEXUAL male, 38, University Lecturer, seeks friendship with educated and attractive couple, of any nationality. All letters answered, so please write now. Box 5913.

ATTRACTIVE, MIDDLE-AGED woman with business, needs partner with capital. Would also like a third go at marriage. Box 5951.

CHRISTIAN SINGLES holidays/houseparties. Friendship introductions. Group activities Nationwide. CFF, Dept/B77, Edenthorpe, Doncaster (s.a.e.).

COUNTRY LOVING, town dwelling divorcee, mid 40s, wide cultural interests, seeks compatible male. Box 5941.

DARK, SLIM, attractive lady, 48, would like to meet tall, slim, erudite, non-smoking gent, 45-52. Interested in food, travel, theatre. Manchester area. Box 5944

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd. London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GOOD-LOOKING, INTERESTING and loving woman, 40s, needs a tall, warm-hearted, lively-minded man, 40s-60s. Box 5950.

GRADUATE WOMAN teacher, 43, divorced, Central London, non-smoker, 5' 5", grey eyes. Interests include: family life, music, travel, tennis, conversation, people. Seeks unattached, warm, professional man, for special, caring relationship. Box 5917.

HOMOSEXUAL FABIAN (22), at CU, seeks similar *high-minded man* for platonic friendship. Box 5964.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

JAZZ FAN? Send for our lists. W. M. Hall, P.O. Box 6, Glasgow G41 5LW.

LADIES! Do the effete gents that advertise in this magazine put you off? Then try me, the 'Woman's Man'. I will feed you on exotic food (black pudding), take you to far away places, like Huddersfield, cross waters teeming with unnamed animal life (local baths). In other words if you feel the urge go mad, join me. Always providing, you are 35-50, reasonably attractive and can stand the pace! Manchester area. Box 5943.

LONELY? Why not join London's *Friendliest Singles Club, making new friends of all ages? City* Circle. 01-914 2098 (9 a.m.-6 p.m.).

LOVING, CARING woman, graduate (social science), 38, earning, two sons (teens), living Nottingham, seeks warm, open-minded man. Box 5960.

MALE, 43, non academic, wants male/female friend Notts/Derbys/Lincs, *share simple interests,* perhaps increase them. Box 5935.

MALE, 32, graduate, interests plenty; sense of humour definitely; needs lively woman for lasting, inspiring, affectionate relationship. Reading. Box 5936.

OFFICER'S WIDOW (Londoner), 60, wants male companion, 60 plus, also Londoner – English. Box 5952.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PLEASANT SECRETARY, 52, divorced, 5ft 3in, grown family, North London, seeks tall, affable, unattached professional man, for caring relationship. Box 5955.

POLITICALLY MOTIVATED and culturally alive professional male, 40, 5ft 8in, reasonably attractive, seeks humorous lady, North Wales/Cheshire/Merseyside. Box 5949.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, *mid 30s, one child,* independent, feminist, optimist. Only lacking male company! Leeds/York. Box 5937.

SCANDINAVIA'S LEADING correspondence magazine read in 100 countries, £2.50. Penfriends (NS), 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RZ.

SINGLE PARENTS ABROAD in Spain, Corfu, France and Majorca. Holiday brochure: 01-629 3957.

SINGLE GENTLEMAN, 35, tall, highly intelligent and eligible, invites appropriate replies from tall, sturdy, high calibre lady graduates with impeccable credentials. Live beautiful Scotland. Box 5961.

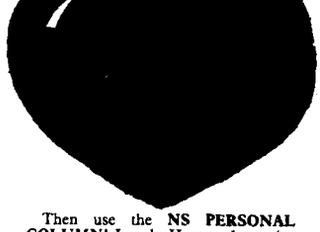
SLIM, ATTRACTIVE academic, seeks cultured lady friend, early forties. Box 5954.

THE TYRO (18-30) Club. If you're interested in making new friends and enjoying an active social life, join our new, exciting Singles Club. 01-914 2098.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, doctorate, 29, attractive, seeks lady friend, for lasting relationship, marriage. Box 5953.

WITHOUT JUSTICE There Can Be No Peace. While we suffer from diseases of affluence millions will die of starvation. Send 25p for information of a healthy, sustainable way of life possible for all the world's people. Vegan Society Dept. IK, 47 Highlands road, Leatherhead, surrey.

LONELY?



Then use the **NS PERSONAL COLUMN!** Lonely Hearts ads receive an average of 20 replies, often many more, from like-minded people. It's still one of the cheapest and safest ways of meeting your ideal partner.

NO PRICE INCREASE IN 1983 FOR LONELY HEARTS in Personal.
You can still **ADVERTISE FOR AS LITTLE AS £5.20.**

FRIENDS
ALL OVER THE WORLD
would like to correspond with you. Friendship, language, travels, marriage, etc.
Request free brochure:
LES AMIS DU COURRIER
International Pen-Friend Club
Rue Bovière 18, 4050 ESNEUX
BELGIUM

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED